

MAINE FARMER AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM NOYES.

New Series. Vol. I. No. 42.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

Winthrop, Maine, Saturday-Morning, October 29, 1842.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

Whole No. 510.

Maine Farmer and Mechanic's Advocate.

Is published every Saturday Morning, by WILLIAM NOYES, To whom all letters on business must be directed. TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum.—\$2.50 if payment is delayed beyond the year. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the following rates:—All less than a square \$1.00 for three insertions. \$1.25 per square, for three insertions. Continued three weeks at one half of these rates.

Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptance of the word.—Talleyrand.



MAINE FARMER.

The second day of the Cattle Show

passed off well. The weather was bright and pleasant, and at an early hour the competitors for the premiums on plowing were upon the field in due order. Nine teams entered the list, and the contest was spirited. For further particulars see the reports. The address was listened to with the attention which the interesting views and important suggestions of the speaker demanded. Mr. Smith acquitted himself with his usual good sense, the farmers were highly gratified, and we doubt not will take measures to elevate themselves to a higher stand in the social scale, and to have their rights respected among the politicians, who are ever ready to court their aid and as ready to neglect them when their own ends are gained. The choir performed their part admirably, & mine host's, Col. Craig's table proved, not only that there is no danger of a famine this year, but that he is household have by no means lost their skill in preparing substantial viands in an excellent and acceptable manner.

The following is an abstract of most of the premiums bestowed.

On Horses.—Peter Fifield, Fayette.
On Mares.—E. C. Snell, Winthrop.
On Working Oxen.—1st premium, Peleg Hains, Readfield; 2d do. Nathl. S. Hill, Readfield; 3d do. Dudley Hains, Readfield.

On three year old.—1st premium, Peleg F. Pike, Readfield; 2d do. Benj. Palmer, Readfield.

On two year old.—1st J. H. Underwood, Fayette; 2d do. Nathl. Fog, Readfield.

On yearlings.—S. E. Fogg.

On Cows and Heifers.—1st Nathan Foster, Winthrop; 2d do. Moses J. Gove, Readfield; 3d do. J. W. Hains, Hallowell.

On two year old heifers.—J. Kezer Jr., Winthrop.

On yearling heifers.—John Hains, Readfield.

On teams from any town.—The team from Fayette.

On Boars.—1st premium, J. W. Hains, Hallowell; 2d do. J. Glidden, Winthrop.

On Sows.—Daniel Craig, Readfield.

On Litters of Pigs.—John Kezer Jr., Winthrop.

On Plowing Match.—1st premium, Moses Hubbard, Fayette; 2d do. Dudley Hains, Readfield; 3d do. J. W. Hains, Hallowell.

On Butter.—1st premium, Mrs. Nathan Foster, Winthrop; 2d do. Mrs. T. W. Stevens, Winthrop; 3d do. Mrs. Truxton Wood, Winthrop.

On Cheese.—1st premium, Mrs. Simeon Chase, Winthrop; 2d do. Mrs. Lewis Wood, Winthrop.

On Boots.—H. Parlin & Co., East Winthrop.

On Walking Shoes, Women's.—Calvin A. Richardson, Winthrop.

On Kid Slippers.—Calvin A. Richardson, Winthrop.

On Apples, Fall.—N. Foster, Winthrop.

On Winter Apples.—Wm. Noyes, Winthrop.

On Hurdle for feeding Silk Worms.—E. Holmes, Winthrop, for a model of Dr. Spaulding's Hurdle.

On Harness.—Moses Whittier, Readfield.

On Saddle.—E. Holmes, for one half dozen Hobbs' manufacture.

On Ox Yoke.—J. B. Swanton, Readfield.

On Sleighs.—J. B. Dunn & Co. Wayne.

On Plows.—Waterville Iron Manufactory.

On Apparatus for Steaming Roots.—E. Cornell, Augusta.

REPORT ON MANUFACTURES.

The Committee on Filled cloth, &c. Report. That they have examined with great pleasure and interest the manufactured articles which come within their province. There is increasing evidence at every return of our farmers' festival and fair, of our ability, not only to take care of ourselves, so far as domestic manufactures are concerned, but to supply others with those things which are durable, substantial, and to say the least, of neat fabric. Only let us have our own markets to ourselves, and we shall go ahead. We are not only imitators, but inventors, of new modes and styles of manufactures. Many articles examined by your Committee will fully warrant the above remark. We long to have the time come, when the native genius of our population, male and female, will be so encouraged, that we can see it emblazoned on all our implements of husbandry, our domestic utensils, and on every thing about and around us. 'Tis a burning shame that we should wear, tread upon, and handle so many foreign articles. The first articles which came under our observation were several varieties of Table Linen. There were so many pieces of this description of manufactured goods, that your Committee were not a little puzzled to know how to bestow their highest commendation. They would not wish to give the result of their examination, without first saying, that there were four or five pieces, plain and with borders, which were nearly alike as to texture, evenness of thread, and fineness. But as only one premium is offered on this article, some one piece must be selected. Your Committee decided to recommend Piece No. 4, (Mrs. Cy-

rus S. Hillman, Monmouth,) for the premium of \$1.00. The next articles were Hearn's rags. These were not numerous, but those which we recommend for premium, were, in the opinion of your Committee, specimens of more than common ingenuity, in the manner in which they were wrought, and exhibited great taste, in the arrangement, figures and colors. The Committee recommend the highest premium, of diploma and \$1.00, to No. 43, (Mary Jacobs, Winthrop,) and the next highest, of 75, to No. 59, (Miss Mary Jane Norris, Wayne.) The next article, Woolen Flannel, was rather meagre, not in quality, but quantity, only two pieces being offered—just enough to satisfy your Committee that the art of manufacturing plain cloth was not to be wholly lost in the eager pursuit of the more fashionable and decorative style of manufactures. Your Committee recommend the premium of 75, to No. 42, (Mrs. S. Hillman, Monmouth,) and would express the hope that next year, as many pieces of this kind of useful manufacture may be exhibited, as the number of the piece just recommended for premium indicates.

Only 6 pieces of Filled Cloth were offered. We should have been glad to have seen at least five times that number. There has been such an advance in the manufacture of this species of goods, that it takes quite an article of real domestic house manufacture to satisfy our present notions. Two pieces, No. 72, (John Welch, Monmouth,) and No. 114, (Mrs. Benj. Robbins, Winthrop,) were considered by the committee as much above the ordinary qualities of cloth and deserving of much praise. They recommend a premium of \$1.00 to piece No. 72.

Highland Sheds. The Committee could see as much advance in domestic manufactures here, as in any article they were called to examine. They were large and very heavy, substantial and well built, and we dare hazard the opinion, that better than these, England never made, if so good. O! how comfortable our Maine girls are capable of making themselves. We say to them, go ahead! You are second to none.—We praise and encourage you all we can—you're worthy of it. Pretty difficult task to determine which was best, No. 70 or 49, but the committee finally recommend No. 70, (Mrs. Thomas Pierce, Readfield,) for first premium, of diploma and 75 cts. No. 49, (Mrs. Truxton Wood, Winthrop,) 2d premium of 75 cts.

Only one specimen of Linen Thread, No. 119, (Mrs. Lucinda Fairbanks, Winthrop,) offered. It was thought by the committee worthy of the premium of 50 cts.

The committee were pleased with the skill and taste displayed in the texture, variety and beauty of figures in the several Counterpanes which next fell under their notice. If counterpane is equivalent to pleasure, we think the article rightly named—for we think this is a pleasure that can be felt. We think it justifiable to indulge a little in decorating useful articles, and if we are any judges, this business has been done up well. All the Counterpanes were good; and the fair manufacturers deserve well of their species, for their efforts in this department. The committee were again under an embarrassment in making their selections for premium. They, however, recommend No. 64, (Mrs. Ezra Whitman, Jr., Winthrop,) for first premium of diploma and \$1.00. No. 44, (Miss Ruth Waterhouse, Monmouth,) for 2d premium of \$1.00. One Wrought muslin collar only was offered, and if your committee are any judges in such matters, was a right neat, handsome article and which they unhesitatingly recommended to No. 154, (Mrs. Otis Fullerton, Readfield,) 50 cts.

Four pairs Wrought Wristlets. These were very pretty, especially No. 145, (Mrs. Peleg Benson Jr., Winthrop,) and 146, (do.). The committee thought the work of No. 68, (Mrs. T. P. Caldwell, Readfield,) unusually good, and recommend a premium of 50 cts.

Several very neat Work Pockets were offered. The committee were satisfied that three, marked 77, (Miss Jane A. Underwood, Fayette,) were best worthy the premium of 50 cts.

Four pieces of Carpeting were examined by your committee with no ordinary pleasure and satisfaction, and we hesitate not to say that they would outwear twice the quantity of American or English carpets, manufactured in the common carpet factories. The great trouble with our house-manufactured carpets, is, in the stripe—it is not fashionable. Specimen No. 143, (Miss Eunice Sampson, Winthrop,) is a very successful attempt to change the old stripe which we are so accustomed to see, and shows if our ladies are disposed to go out of the beaten track, their ingenuity and skill in devising new things, is not exercised in vain. This specimen was very handsome—the handsome stripe we ever saw. Specimens No. 58, (Miss Mary Jane Norris, Wayne,) and No. 69, (Josiah Norris, Wayne,) were well manufactured, and the colors bright, threads closely woven together, and the yarn evenly spun and well twisted. The Committee feel bound by the rules of the Society, to recommend the premium to one of the two last mentioned specimens. After considerable deliberation we recommend the premium to No. 58, of \$1.

In conclusion, your Committee would make this remark, that they feel richly remunerated for the time spent in making their examinations. They may, and probably have, erred in judgment. Many worthy competitors may have been justly aggrieved. If so, we feel sorry. Rather than discourage one, we would encourage and stir up our whole community. We long to see the wheel, loom, and needle going in all our habitations. The general character of the articles which came under our observation was good—No specimens unworthy of commendation. Those competitors who are unsuccessful should try again. Our motto should be "onward."

All which is Respectfully submitted,
J. LITTLE, Jr., Chairman.

The Committee on Grapes, Apples and such other vegetable productions as may be exhibited, would very respectfully report, that they supposed from the breed scope which their commission seem-

ed to take by the term, "other vegetables," they were dignified by having the inspection and examination of the whole Horticultural products of Kennebec. The pride which these imaginary honors had excited received a most humiliating veto when they entered upon their duties, and found the whole of the Horticultural glories of the show could be summed up, by naming a few apples, a bushel of potatoes, a mammoth sugar beet, half a dozen big pumpkins and a mammoth squash.

As it regards grapes, we didn't even fare so well as Asop's fox—we had not even a bunch of sour ones to jump at. We felt grieved at this, for in such a case we had no opportunity to show our agility, and have not the shrewdness of that honest animal to cover our mortification by the cloak of philosophic indifference, and affect to despise what we cannot reach; and we take this opportunity to say, that we will not be so mortified again.

The object of the Society is very broad. It is to encourage all the productive arts. These arts may be grouped into two general divisions, viz: into the essentials and then non-essentials, and in other words those absolutely necessary, and those which can be, by close snubbing dispensed with. For the first class of articles, the Society have offered premiums commensurate with their importance—for the latter class they have offered merely honorary notices, as much as to say we are happy to see you, and if there are any crumbs left at the table after the others are served, you are welcome to them. Now, while we bow with the profoundest reverence and humility to the importance and the claims of the great staples of life, we are by no means desirous of thrusting the latter in the back ground and treating them with such monkish austerity.

A fig say we for a handsome face if there are no smiles upon it—and a fig for agriculture if there is to be nothing of taste and ornament about it. We consider Horticulture as the very poetry of Agriculture, and he who would pass by the sinless objects of the garden, without pausing to admire the beauties of the flower, or the delicate fruit, is as well calculated for a bandit as a farmer.

We hope, therefore, that our Trustees will in future be a little more liberal to this department, and bestow upon it a little more encouragement, even if they have to curtail some of the patronage bestowed upon the essentials, which the wants of man will push them into the cultivation of, whether the Society foster them or not. The latter administrator to the comfort of the stomach and nourish the animal, the former, applies themselves to the heart, nourishing and purifying the true man. We have always been at a loss to divine why the ladies do not enter more heartily into the practical art of Horticulture, unless they are deterred by the bad work that mother Eve made, when she was mistress of the first and the fairest garden on earth. But they remedy the mischief done here, and that the culture of the natural will be likely to produce good fruits in the moral garden.

As we before observed, there was neither entry made, nor specimen of grapes exhibited. Amasa King, of Winthrop, exhibited a quantity of potatoes 2 years from the ball, and Moses E. Whittey, of Readfield, also exhibited a quantity of potatoes, but neither of them honored the committee with a statement, or came near them to tell the story of their properties and qualities. All that we can say of them, therefore, is,—they were very fine large potatoes and we presume not few in a hill.

In regard to Squashes, there was but one entry, but this did not come within the terms of the offered premium. It was raised by John Haves of Monmouth, and swelled up to the weight of 131 lbs. We recommended that the Trustees give Mr. H. a diploma for his success in raising big squashes.

Mr. Jesse Wadsworth of Livermore, county of Oxford, exhibited three squashes of a variety new to us. As Mr. Wadsworth does not belong in the county, your committee could do nothing more than commend him for his zeal in the squash business, and wish him good luck in future.

Four entries were made for the premiums on apples. For the premium on winter apples there were two entries. One by William Noyes of Winthrop, and the other by Francis Hunt of Readfield. Mr. Noyes exhibited specimens of the Greening and also a white apple supposed to be a native variety. Mr. Hunt's specimens were a fine lot of Russetings. As your committee supposed it to be the object of the society to bring into notice new native varieties, rather than old established ones, they award the premium to William Noyes for his native apples, but they would take the liberty of recommending a diploma to Mr. Hunt for his fine lot of Russetings.

For your premium on fall apples there were three competitors, viz:—William Noyes of Winthrop, Nathan Foster of do. and Alfred Chandler do. Those exhibited by Mr. Noyes were a large, fair sweet apple, but probably grafted fruit, your committee could not designate its true name. Nathan Foster exhibited a fine beautiful apple of large size and pleasant sub-acid taste. It is a native apple, a good bearer and every way worth cultivating. It is known by the name of "Winthrop Greening," and we award to Mr. Foster the Society's premium for the best fall apples.

Alfred Chandler exhibited two kinds of fall apples, one the Franklin Sweeting, an old variety and a well known favorite. The other was a large oval russet brown apple, & though not quite in season is evidently a first rate apple. The tree is represented as a good bearer and was first raised by Jerry Brown of Winthrop. The misfortune of his life hangs heavily upon Mr. Brown, his farm and his orchard have passed from his hands, and he is supported by the public charity of the town, but as he has done a better deed, in being the propagator of this new apple, than many who live in splendor and receive the hypocritical homage of those who surround them, your Com. are determined that he shall be immortalized, and they therefore ordain and decree that the aforesaid apple shall be called "Jerry Brown" from this time hence forth and forever.

they recommend a diploma to Mr. Chandler for introducing Jerry to our notice.

Some fine specimens of York Russetings were exhibited by Solomon Lombard Esq. of Readfield, also some very large fair apples by Squire Fuller, had Squire given us more information respecting them, your committee would have been wiser perhaps have entered him upon the same record as Pomological glory with the immortal Jerry Brown. Yours respectfully,

E. HOLMES,
W. H. PARLIN.

Washingtonian Lecture.

We listened with great pleasure to a lecture delivered by Mr. Starbird, before the Washingtonians of Winthrop, on Sunday Evening 9th inst. Mr. Starbird, who has been many years past in the fiery furnace of Old Alcohol, but has at last escaped from his clutches, and now devotes his time and his talents to which are of no mean order, to the Washingtonian cause. His lecture was listened to by a very attentive audience, who were much pleased with the steady onward progress of the cause. Mr. S. stated that the Washingtonians of Maine number thirty thousand, and that it has been ascertained from statistical returns that not more than one in a hundred of those who were formerly addicted to intemperance, but have signed the Washingtonian pledge, have gone back to their former habits. This is cheering news. God speed the cause.

Barnaby and Moores' Plow.

Mr. HOLMES.—I noticed the knock down argument of "a reader of the Advocate" in your valuable paper of Oct. 1, against Barnaby and Moores' Double Mould Board Plow in answer to Economy, and as Economy appears to have been overcome with the shock, and remains silent, I will meet him half way between Augusta and his residence, any time that he may see, and prove to the entire satisfaction of a committee of Farmers, that the plow makes good work, that it is drawn with less power in doing the same work than the Fairbanks plow, that it takes as easy a furrow as the Fairbanks plow, that it runs as easy one way as it does the other, and that it is no humbug, although it has two wings.

I hope Mr. "Reader of the Advocate" won't back out, for if he can prove what he asserts, he may do his country some service. I like your notions on the subject Mr. Editor, right well, let the farmers try it, and if it is a humbug, blow it up sky high. All I ask for it, is that they don't blow it up until they have tried it.

Yours respectfully,
E. CORNELL.

NOTE.—We saw the above plow work a little, while at the Cattle Show and Fair at Readfield, and saw that it turned the furrow very well indeed.—Ed.

Abstract of seasons, weather, &c., from 1722 to 1788, from the journal of the Rev. Thomas Smith, first Pastor of the first church in Falmouth, (now Portland.) (Continued.)

1728.—January 29. The snow is three feet and a half upon a level. February. Some pleasant weather, but in general a cold month. March. Alternately cold and pleasant. April. A cold month. May. A very cold spring thus far. May. Generally cold and cold. 31. People are everywhere, but now, planting. June. Some pleasant days, but mostly raw and cold. July. Little or no really hot weather this month. Very wet. August 19. Fine weather, but not hot. 31. Very cold all this week. September 28. The greater part of the Indian corn in this town is spoiled, it was planted so late; and it has been such a wet and cold summer. October. Mostly cold and unpleasant. November. Some pleasant, but mostly cold weather. December. The harbor froze over to the islands.

1729.—January 20. Incomparable sleighing. 31. A severe cold winter hitherto. February. Some comfortable pleasant weather this month. March. Same, there are snow storms the 22 and 23. April. The robin visited us to day. The spring birds have been here singing several days. This month has been generally fair and pleasant, but cold and dry. May 11. A warm day; the first this spring. 16. The cherry trees are blooming. 19. The grass is forward. 24. A delightful warm day; but 31. Cold weather. There has been but one warm, and one hot day, all this spring. June 5. Charming hot. June 10. A very cold day. June 15. A happy warm day. June 20. A frost. 18. A deluge of rain. Cherries begin to be ripe. 31. It is so wet a season, we are in no haste to cut our grass. August. A fruitful summer, especially in pasturing and hay. September 1. Abundance of pigeons. 18. Gale of wind that blew down the apples, &c. 26. Windy. 30. No frost yet. October 18. Charming day. 20. Charming day. 30. Cold weather. November. Generally moderate this month. December. Snows and cold weather, but not more than common for the season.

1760.—January and February. No weather unusual in winter months. March 13. Pleasant. 17. Cold and windy. 23. Snow. 30. The robin and spring birds came a week or ten days sooner than usual; so much forwarder is the spring than common. April. Several cold days. 27. Severe thunder and lightning. May 1. The trees shoot out their leaves. 16. The heart-cherry trees begin to blossom (earlier than last year, and then earlier than usual.) 31. No hot weather this spring. Indian corn looks poorly. June 26. There has been but 24 hours of hot weather this year. July 12. Hot weather for a week past. August 12. Hot and a perfect growing season. September 1. Multitudes of grasshoppers. 16. Extremely hot. 17. Extremely cold. November 8. A gay morning and warm day. 14. Snow. 19. Exceeding cold. 23. Moderate weather. December 7. Pretty cold. 22. No frost. 25. Calm mornings all this week, and moderate through the days.

1761.—January 11. The harbor froze over yesterday and to-day. 26. A fine level snow, and enough of it. February. Wonder of a month. The snow went away the 7th. April. Unusually moderate weather this month. April 1. The season is unusually forward, warm and pleasant. 22. Fine weather continually. 30. Cold. June 25. It is as melancholy dry a time as ever I saw. July 5. As great a drought as in 1749. 11. Gentle showers. 17. Plenty of peas. 20. Raspberries. August 1. The drought awfully continues. 12. No feed on the neck, a great while. 16. The drought increases. 19. Storm of rain. 31. Marvellous growing time. Surprising change on the face of the earth. September 25. The earth has a most beautiful green face. October 6. The grass is better set than in the spring. December 31. We never had such a December; it began with snowing, and the snow is

two feet upon a level. It gives fine sledding.

1762.—April 12. The robin and spring birds visit us. 25. The last of the huge mountain of snow behind the garriens, disappeared. June 5. Melancholy dry time. All are now looking for an absolute famine. 23. A dark day. October. It is very cold a day, but no frost in our garden yet. November 30. The last 11 days have been moderate and comfortable. December. Several delightful days this month. 26. The fore river frozen over. 31. Winter sets in.

1763.—January 12. Incomparable sledding. 26. The harbor froze over all this week. 31. The harbor broke up. February 4. The harbor is frozen over, as it did last year, a severe winter as any we have had. March. A cold blustering month. 28. It has been a cold tedious winter. April 15. There has been no rain this spring. The snow goes away kindly. 12. The robin and spring birds begin to tune up. 30. The roads and ground as dry as a baked apple.

1764.—January 11. Harbor froze over. 26. There fell just as much snow as was wanted and desired. Much business done this month. February. Generally moderate weather this month. March 12. Cold and windy. 15. Warm. 25. Uncomfortable. 28. Charming pleasant. April 14. The spring is marvelously forward. 20. Pleasant day. May. Generally a pleasant month. 25. The cherry trees are in full bloom. June 14. The earth is sufficiently soaked. 18. It has a most beautiful green face. 30. The fruits of it are promising. August 18. A very dry time seems to be coming on. 31. A very dry time indeed. September 7. There has been a great deal of very cold weather. 18. Cold still. 19. A hot day. 26. Very cold. 28. Delightful autumn. October 3. Fine weather. 13. Pleasant. 22. Very warm. 24. Cold and windy. 26. A great storm, wind S.E. November 1. Pleasant. 5. Dry travelling. 16. Very cold. 27. A fine day. December 17. About 15 inches of snow upon the ground. 27. There is between 2 and 3 feet. 31. It has thus far been a severe winter; nothing like it since 1747 and 1748, then was more snow.

1765.—January 2. The whole bay is skimmed over. 14. Pleasant. 22. The heart of the winter seems broke. Incomparable sledding. 23. A charming day. 26. Very cold. 31. A great storm. February 5. Tempestuous and cold. 12. The ice over the harbor still. 14. A thaw. 18. Fine warm weather. 25. There has been no snow all since March 2. Winter returns upon us. 13. A charming day. 22. Raw cold. 24. Disastrous snow storm. 31. Hot and pleasant, though it has been raw and cold for some time past. April 9. The robin this morning made his appearance. 10. The spring bird with the robin, gave us a great deal of pleasure. 20. Warm. 22. Raw cold. 30. The dry time continues and increases. May 1. Pleasant rain. 12. The spring is uncommonly forward. 14. The cherry blossoms. 25. Cold for 9 days past. 27. An extremely hot day. 29. A growing season. June. A growing season. 30. A great prospect of grain and grass, though the Indian corn, very much wants heat. July. Alternately warm and cold. August. The pastures are dried up. September 2. Pleasant rains. The earth has a new face. 15. Very cold. 24. A delightful day. December 16. Snow. 24. Last night as cold as (perhaps) it ever was, in this country, and continues so.

1766.—January 6. The harbor remains shut up. 17. Severe cold. 21. Rain. 30. Incomparably pleasant. February 4. Fine sledding. 9. This is the 14th day since there has been any falling weather. 19. Pleasant day. 26. Fair and pleasant. 28. Very cold. April. Generally pleasant. 27. The spring comes on finely. May 3. A long spell of raw cold weather. 16. Curious weather. 21. The roads are all icy again. 26. More snow. 30. Incomparable sledding. February. A cold month. 28. Warm and pleasant. March 2. A great rain. 4. Storm. 12. Cold. 17. Charming day, good walking. 24. Rainy. 30. We had snells to-day, two coppers a dozen. 31. Charming spring-like weather. A.M. April 6. The robins came and began to sing. May 12. Strangely cold. 15. The heat breaks in upon us. 22. The heat cherries are in the blow. 27. Cold. June 11. A growing season, but poor prospect of grass. 16. Cold. 31. Extremely hot, shower in the evening. 20. No rain since 21st. 30. Showers. July 20. People are concerned about the drought. 23. Great showers. 31. Deluge of rain. August 18. The grass grows more than in the spring. 23. Extreme hot. 26 and 28, the same. September 28. We began to dig our potatoes: moderate fall. October 13. Cold weather. 28. Storm of snow. 30. Charming pleasant, since the storm. December 14. Snow. 19. Snow. 21. Exceeding cold; the thermometer down to 0. 28. More snow. The snow 4 feet and more at Gloucester must have been in old times.

(To be continued.)

Our Climate growing milder during the next 300 years.

R. M. Locke, Esq. in some recent Lectures in New York City, published in the Tribune, on Magnetism, has given a very plausible theory of the cause of gradual changes in the different climates of the earth. He shows, that the earth is magnetized by the sun in the direction of its path from tropic to tropic, and therefore in the angle of the obliquity of the ecliptic, or 23° 28'; that therefore the magnetic poles, or vortices, are situated at the same distance from the terrestrial poles, that the tropics are from the equator, or 23° 28', and therefore in latitude 66° 32' north and south, which is

that of the arctic and antarctic circles. I also proved that these magnetic poles, or vortices, revolve in those circles at the rate of 32° 26' a year, and therefore perform an entire revolution of 365° in 280 years. Now in this revolving they effect not only the needle, causing it in every latitude to exhibit alternately an easterly and westerly variation, but also affect the climate in every latitude. The magnetic poles, or vortices, are the seat of maximum cold; & the line of no variation which runs between them, and which, as I have shown you, revolves the earth at the angle of 6 degrees, 28 minutes with the earth's axis of rotation, exhibits the true angle of the isothermal lines of climate. When the magnetic pole is nearest to any place, then is about the time of the greatest cold of that place; and as it is at opposite points of its circle of revolution in half of its period, or in 365 years, the maximum changes of climate take place in that time. Anciently, we had a climate suited to our latitude, and shall have it again, and we are now as nearly as we can, in the same position of the globe as the Northern Hemisphere was, and it will again be luxuriant in vegetation. For many years past, our winters of New York have been more severe than those of London, which is situated in latitude 51° 31', and there fore more than ten degrees farther north. But for a few years past since the year 1791, when the line of no-variation passed over our longitude, our winters have been gradually, though irregularly, growing milder, and those of Europe more severe; and they will continue to get worse there for about 300 years, while ours will improve.—Family Pioneer and Key.

PLOW FOR CLOVER, &c.

A correspondent at Selim's Grove, Pa. says:—"The practice of turning over heavy growths of clover is gaining very rapidly in Middle Pa., and its advantages to the farmer was very apparent wherever the system is pursued. The task of turning over in heavy clover, is a difficult and tedious one, owing to the fact of our having here no plow which will run under such circumstances without shaking or clogging so much as to render it necessary every few rods to clear the plow of the tangled clover or have a boy with a fork to keep it clear. Even with all this expense, the clover will not be completely covered, and the furrows will be broken and irregular. The object of this communication is to ask whether you are acquainted with any plow by the use of which, the above difficulties can be overcome. We want a plow which will run in heavy tangled clover without clogging—which shall turn a neat unbroken furrow slice, and by laying it flat, completely cover up the clover.

One more inquiry. Are you acquainted with any plow which possessing the above properties unites with them the quality of turning the furrow slices all one way, being a right & left hand plow. We conceive the matter of having the whole field turned in one direction as of great importance. It would have no p or dead furrows; it would save the time consumed in walking the horses across the ends of the lands in order to correct the next furrow; and in harrowing it would also be of advantage, for being thus plowed, you may without any trouble, keep every spike of grass out of sight; and leave the land in the finest condition possible."

The best plow we have seen, or used, for turning a perfectly flat furrow, is the Worcester plow (Ruggles & Mason's although Prosser and Messer for flat furrows, is not much inferior. But we know of no plow which will pass through heavy lodged clover, without shaking or clogging so much as to render it necessary every few rods to clear the plow of the tangled clover or have a boy with a fork to keep it clear. Even with all this expense, the clover will not be completely covered, and the furrows will be broken and irregular. The object of this communication is to ask whether you are acquainted with any plow by the use of which, the above difficulties can be overcome. We want a plow which will run in heavy tangled clover without clogging—which shall turn a neat unbroken furrow slice, and by laying it flat, completely cover up the clover.

As a right and left hand, or side hill plow, there is nothing equal to Moore's. It is a plow of draft and perfection of work; and unlike the common side hill plow, it works exceeding well on level or plain land. In the use which we have seen made of this plow, it did not lay the furrows as flat as the Worcester plow, which in plowing in clover would be an objection, while on some soils, it would be a decided recommendation.

Our experience, and that of many farmers in the wheat growing districts of New York, would lead us to feeding off the clover, after it had attained a heavy growth, by sheep, or rather breaking it and trampling it down; previous to the use of the plow. We prefer sheep to any other animal for this purpose, as the clover will be fed or trampled more evenly, and all the measure will be left on the field. But however the clover may be used, we can assure our Pennsylvania friends, that by its liberal use, they are in the same way of enriching their farms and themselves.—Albany Cultivator.

STEAM PLOW.

We find the following in the "Planter's Banner," a paper printed at Franklin, La. We cannot doubt that eventually, the obstacles that have yet retarded the success of the steam plow, will be an overcome, and the cultivation of our rich and vast prairie effected mainly by its use. The grand difficulty so far, has been, not to create the power, but to make power effective. When required to drag a great weight, it is found that the wheels of the engine will frequently sink on their circumference; and it is sometimes seen on railroads, that if a locomotive has devised a way to make the wheel stick, the plow will follow as a matter of course. The failures in England and Scotland, have arisen from this source; and it has occurred to us while reading accounts of their experiments, that strong spikes of proper length on the outer surface of the engine wheels, by penetrating the earth, would secure their advance, when in motion.

"We had the pleasure," says the Editor of the Banner, "at the recent election in this parish, of seeing Mr. Larkins' model of a steam plow, in operation. There are two engines which are attached to a square frame, with a boiler between them. Each engine is attached to the driving wheels, which are set in motion something after the manner in which the paddle wheels of a steamboat are caused to turn. In front there are two guiding wheels, which are easily turned by means of a draw wheel. The plows are attached to the rear of the machine. This locomotive was set in motion by Mr. Larkins, in the presence of a large number of persons, and various opinions were expressed as to its probable success. We heard several intelligent planters say they were confident Mr. Larkins' invention would answer all their expectations. In the experiments that he has hitherto been making in plowing by steam, the great difficulty has been to find a fulcrum on which the power of the machine might act. The resistance of the plow in the soil is so great, that although the power was in the machine, still it had not a sufficient proper fulcrum to set upon. Mr. Larkins has taken this difficulty into consideration, and he says he can overcome it. We sincerely trust he may."—Planter's Banner.

NOTE.—If he can't, we can. We know of a plan that will make his steam draw his plow up hill or down hill, on grass ground stubble

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious, never, as a class, indolent. * * * The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—Everett.

SOLUTION OF THE QUESTION FOR SPECULATORS.

Let X = number of cows.
 Y = sheep.
 Z = cows received for sheep. As \$30 was the price of each cow, and \$2 of a sheep, we have
 $30X + 2Y = 1000$ (1)

Cost of driving X cows the whole, and Z cows one half of the whole distance will be

$$(X + \frac{Z}{2}) 2 = \frac{10X + 5Z}{1}$$

Do. of sheep, $(\frac{Y}{2} - \frac{Z}{2}) 2 = \frac{10Y - 5Z}{2}$

Amount received for $X+Z$ cows, $30X + 30Z$ & $Y-Z$ sheep, $2Y-2Z$. Hence our equation,

$$30X + 30Z + 2Y - 2Z = \frac{10X + 5Z}{1}$$

$$(10Y - 5Z) - 441 - 16 = 1400$$

Removing denominators we have $900X + 900Z + 90Y - 672Z - 80X - 10Z - 10Y + 35Z = 1400$. Transposing & uniting, we have $880X + 90X + 90Y - 672Z - 10Z - 10Y + 35Z = 1400$; subtracting we have $289Z - 2Y = 210$

$$Y = 141Z - 1105 + \frac{Z}{2}$$

Substituting T for the fractions $Y = 141Z - 1105 + \frac{Z}{2}$

$$+ T = \frac{Z}{2} = 2T = Z = 2T$$

Giving any value whatever to the indeterminate T which will render X , Y and Z positive, we have $T=5$, $Z=10$, placing this value of Z in equation for Y , we have $Y=1410 - 1105 + 5 = 305$. T being equal to 5 $Y=310$. (1) $20 + 1000 - 820 = 380$, $X=19$ by substitution.

Proof.—Amount of cost for driving cows \$60.00

do. of sheep 85.93

Expenses on the road, 44.06

\$190.00

Amount received for 19+10 cows at \$50 per head = \$870

do. for 310—70 sheep at \$3 per head 730

Sum = \$1590

Deducting expenses = \$1390

Leaves \$200

which answers the conditions of the question.

He purchased 19 cows, 310 sheep at the half way place, he then exchanged 70 sheep for 10 cows. All of which is respectfully submitted.

Substitute for Glue and Caulking.

The remarkable properties of a new cement have lately been tried by the master shipwrights at Woolwich, England, by advice of the lords of admiralty. The experiments were highly interesting, and the results very important. Two pieces of African wood, called *teak*, very difficult to join by glue, on account of its oily nature, had a coating of the composition, in a boiling state, applied, and shortly afterwards bolts and screws were attached to the end of each piece, and the power of a Bramah's hydraulic engine applied, to the extent of nineteen tons, when the chains broke, without the slightest perceptible strain where the joining had been made.

A still larger chain, of one and a half inches in diameter, was then applied, which broke with a strain of twenty-one tons, also without effect upon the cement!

Four pieces of hard wood were then joined together, weighing collectively over four thousand four hundred pounds, and carried to the top of the shears in the dock yard, seventy-six feet high, and precipitated upon the hard granite wall below, without the joints yielding in the slightest manner!

A number of oak plank, eight inches thick and sixteen inches square, were then united with the cement, together, eight feet in height and eight feet in length, of the size of a first rate ship of war, without any thing else in the form of a bolt, or security of any kind, and it was set up as a target at the butt, in the masses, in the presence of the officers of artillery, &c. Several shots were then made into the cemented planks, the effects of which were wonderful. They tore the wood to pieces but had no effect upon the cement.

A hole six inches in diameter was then bored in the centre of the target and a three and a half pounder shell inserted and exploded by a slow match, which tore the wood into small splinters without in the least separating the composition.

A valuable property of this composition, in addition to its wonderful tenacity, it is said to be its capability of expansion in warm climates, like India rubber, and yet it will not become brittle under the coldest temperature. It is not surprising that it has become a great favorite with naval officers, as it is so clean as to resemble very much the French polish.

The value of the composition on board of vessels at sea may be illustrated by another experiment tried with it. Eight pieces of wood, in the form of a mast, were joined together and a strain applied to another mast of an entire piece of wood, when the latter first gave away! Ship carpenters will, therefore, find no difficulty in effecting repairs at sea, with this extraordinary cement at hand. Nor is its value confined to the above or equal purposes, but it must become equally great for all purposes of the arts, where the joining of parts are necessary, as it is insoluble in water. Its cost is only about half that of common glue. The great saving, too, by its universal adoption, and the important uses to which it may be applied, are incalculable. A Mr. Jeffrey is the inventor, and the composition consists of *shellac* and *India rubber*, dissolved in *naphtha*, in certain proportions.—*N. Y. State Mechanic*.

NOTE.—We do not know but this may be a new application of India rubber and shellac, but the compound itself is not new. Our friend, the late L. L. Macomber, while residing in Gardiner in this county, invented and patented such a composition ten or twelve years ago. He applied it to the stiffening of hats, coating weavers harness, and rendering substances water proof.—Ed. Mr. P.A.

Improvement in Food, Clothing, and Lodging.

(Continued.)

In the reign of Edward the Third, Colchester, in Essex, was considered the tenth city in England, in point of population. It then paid a poll-tax for two thousand nine hundred and fifty-five lay-people. In 1811, about half a century before, the number of inhabitant housekeepers was three hundred and ninety; and the whole household furniture utensils, clothes, money, cattle, corn, and every other property found in the town, was valued at £518. 16s. 0.3-4d. This valuation took place on occasion of a subsidy or tax to the crown, to carry on a war against France; and the particulars, which are preserved in the Rolls of Parliament, exhibit, with great minuteness, the classes of person then inhabiting that town, and the sort of property which each respectively possessed. The trades exercised in Colchester were the following:—baker, barber, blacksmith, bowyer, brewer, butcher, carpenter, carter, dobbler, cook, dyer, fisherman, fuller, furrier, girdler, glass-seller, glover, linen-draper; mercer and spice-seller, miller mustard and vinegar seller, old-clothes-seller, saddler, tailor, tanner, tiler, weaver, woodcutter, and woolcomber. If you look at a small town, of the present day where such a variety of occupations are carried on, you will find that each tradesman has a considerable stock of commodities, abundance of furniture and utensils, clothes in plenty, some plate, books, and many articles of convenience and luxury, to which the most wealthy dealers and mechanics of Colchester of the present time are not inferior. That many places, at that time, were much poorer than Colchester, there can be no doubt; for here we see the division of labor was pretty extensive, and that is always a proof that production is going forward, however imperfectly. We see, too, that the tradesmen were connected with manufactures, in the ordinary use of the term; or there would not have been the dyer, the glover, the linen-draper, the tanner, the weaver, and the woolcomber. There must have been a demand for articles of foreign commerce, too, in this town, or we should not have had the spice-seller. Yet, with all these various occupations, indicating considerable profit able industry, when compared with earlier stages in the history of this country, the whole stock of the town was valued at little more than five hundred pounds. Nor let it be supposed that this smallness of capital can be accounted for by the difference in the standard of money; for £518, of the time of Edward the Third, would amount only to £1450, of our present money. We may indeed satisfy ourselves of the small extent of the capital of individuals at that day, by referring to the inventory of the articles upon which the tax we have mentioned was laid at Colchester.

The whole stock of a carpenter's tools was valued at one shilling. They altogether consisted of two broadaxes, an adze, a square, and a navvior, or spoke-shave. Rough work must the carpenter have been able to perform with these humble instruments; but, then, let it be remembered, that there was little capital to pay him for finer work, and that very little fine work was consequently required. The three hundred and ninety housekeepers of Colchester then lived in mud huts, with a rough door and no chimney. Harrison, speaking of the manners of a century later than the period we are describing, says,—“There were very few chimneys, even in capital towns: the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window. The houses were walled, and plastered over with clay, and an open fire burned in the middle of the room. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow.” When this old historian wrote, he mentions the erection of chimneys as a modern luxury. We had improved little upon our Anglo-Saxon ancestors in the article of chimneys. In their time, Alcuin, an abbot who had ten thousand vassals, writes to the Emperor at Rome, that he preferred living in his smoky house, to visiting the palaces of Italy. This was in the ninth century. Five hundred years had made little difference in the chimneys of Colchester. The nobility had hangings against the walls, to keep out the wind, which crept in through the crevices which the builder's bungling art had left; the middle orders had no hangings. Shakespeare alludes to this rough building of houses, even in this time:

“Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.”

Even the nobility went without glass to their windows. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, “Of old time,” says Harrison, “our country-houses, instead of glass, did use counterpane, and that made either of wicker, or fine rifts of oak, in checkerwise.” When glass was introduced, it was for a long time too scarce, that at Alnwick Castle, in 1567, the glass was ordered to be taken out of the windows, and laid up in safety, when the lord was absent.

The mercer's stock-in-trade, at Colchester, was much upon a level with the carpenter's tools. It was somewhat various, but very limited in quantity. The whole comprised a piece of woollen cloth, some silk and fine linen, flannel, silk purses, gloves, girdles, leather purses, and needle-work; and it was altogether valued at £3; or £3, of our present money. There appears to have been another dealer in cloth and linen in the town, whose store was equally scanty. We were not much improved in the use of linen, a century later. We learn from the Earl of Northumberland's household book, whose family was large enough to consume one hundred and sixty gallons of mustard, during the winter, with their salt meat, that only seventy cells of linen were allowed for a year's consumption. In the fourteenth century, none but the clergy and nobility wore white linen. As industry increased, and the cleanliness of the middle classes increased with it, the use of white linen became more general. But, even at the end of the next century, when printing was invented, the paper-makers had the greatest difficulty in procuring rags for their manufacture; and so careful were the people of every class to preserve their linen, that night-clothes were never worn. Linen was so dear, that Shakespeare makes Falstaff's shirts eight shillings an ell. The more sumptuous articles of a mercer's stock were treasured in rich families, from generation to generation; and even the wives of the nobility did not disdain to mention in their wills a particular article of clothing, which they left to the use of a daughter, or a friend. The solitary old coat of a baker came into the Colchester valuation; nor is this to be wondered at, when we find that even the soldiers

of the battle of Bannockburn, about the year 1314, were described by an old rhymist as well near all naked.”

The household-furniture found in a amongst the families of Colchester, consisted, in the more wealthy, of an occasional brass pot, a brass cup, a gridiron, a rag or two, and perhaps a towel. Of chairs and tables we hear nothing. We learn from the Chronicles of Brantome, a French historian of these days, that even the nobility upon chests, in which they kept their cloth and linen. Harrison, whose testimony we have already given to the poverty of the times, affirms, that if a man, in seven years after marriage, could purchase a flock-bed, and a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself as well lodged as the lord of the town, who peradventure lay seldom on a bed entirely of feathers.” An old tenant of England, before these times, binds the wail to find straw even for the king's bed. The beds of flock, the few articles of furniture, the absence of chairs and tables, would have been of less consequence to the comfort and health of the people, if they had been clean; but cleanliness never exists without a certain possession of domestic conveniences. The people of England, in the days of which we are speaking, were not famed for the attention to this particular. Thomas a Becket was reputed extravagantly nice, because he had his *bedstead* washed every day with clean

Eight, Erasmus, a celebrated scholar of Holland, who visited England, complains that the nastiness of the people was the cause of the frequent plagues that destroyed them; and he says, “their floors are commonly of clay, strewn with rushes, under which lie, unmolested, a collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrements of dogs and cats, and of every thing that is nauseous.” The elder Scaliger, another scholar who came to England, abuses the people for giving him no conveniences to wash his hands. Glass vessels were scarce, and pottery was almost wholly unknown. The Earl of Northumberland, whom we have mentioned, breakfasted on trenchers and dined on pever.—While such universal slovenliness prevailed, as Erasmus has described, it is not likely that much attention was generally paid to the cultivation of the mind. Before the invention of printing, at the time of the valuation of Colchester, books in manuscript, from their extreme costliness, could be purchased only by princes. The royal library of Paris, in 1378, consisted of nine hundred and nine volumes; an extraordinary number. The same library now comprises upwards of four hundred thousand volumes. But it may fairly be assumed, that where one book could be obtained, in the fourteenth century, by persons of the working classes, four hundred thousand may be as easily obtained now.—Here, then, was a privation, which existed five hundred years ago, which debarr'd our ancestors from more profit and pleasure, than the want of beds, and chairs, and linen; and probably, if this privation had continued, and men, therefore, had not cultivated their understandings, they would not have learnt to give any really profitable direction to their labor, and we should still have been as scantily supplied with furniture and clothes, as the good people of Colchester, of whom you have been reading.

Now, let us compare the Colchester of the nineteenth century, with the Colchester of the fourteenth, in a few particulars.

In the reign of Edward the Third, Colchester numbered three hundred and fifty-nine houses of mud, without chimneys, and with latticed windows. In the reign of William the Fourth, it has six hundred and twelve houses, each at a rent above ten pounds.—The houses below ten pounds are not mentioned in the return from which we derive this information. Houses of ten pounds a year and upwards are, as you know, commonly built of brick, and slated or tiled; secured against wind and weather; with glazed windows and with chimneys; and generally well ventilated. The most of these houses are supplied, as fixtures, with a great number of conveniences, such as grates, and cupboards, and fastenings. To many of such houses, gardens are attached, wherein are raised vegetables and fruits, that kings could not command two centuries ago. Houses such as these are composed of several rooms,—not of one room only, where the people are compelled to eat and sleep, and perform every office, perhaps in company with pigs and cattle,—but of a kitchen and often a parlor, and several bedrooms. These rooms are furnished with tables, and chairs, and beds, and cooking utensils. There is ordinarily, too, something for ornament and something for instruction,—a piece or two of china, silver spoons, books, and not unfrequently a watch or clock. The useful pottery is abundant, and of really elegant forms and colors; drinking-vessels of glass are not uncommon. The inhabitants are not scantily supplied with clothes. The females are decently dressed, having a constant change of linen, and gowns of various patterns & degrees of fineness. Some, even of the humbler classes, are not thought to exceed the proper appearance of their station if they wear silk. The men have decent working habits, strong shoes and hats, and a respectable suit for Sundays, of cloth often as good as is worn by the highest in the land. Every one is clean; for no house, above the few hovels which still deform the land, is without soap and bowls for washing, and it is the business of the females to take care that the linen of the family is constantly washed. The children almost universally receive instruction in some public establishment; and when the labor of the day is over, the father thinks the time unprofitably spent, unless he burns a candle, to enable him to read a book or the newspaper. The food which is ordinarily consumed is of the best quality. Wheat bread is no longer confined to the rich; animal food is not necessarily salted, and salt meat is used principally as a variety; vegetables of many sorts are plentiful, in every market, and these, by a succession of care, are brought to higher perfection than in the countries of more genial climate, from which we have imported them; the productions, too, of distant regions, such as spices, and coffee, and tea, are universally consumed, almost by the humblest in the land. Fuel, also, of the best quality, is abundant, and comparatively cheap.

If we look at the public conveniences of a modern English town, we shall find the same striking contrast. Water is brought not only to every street, but into every house; the dust and dirt of a family is regularly removed without bustle or unpleasantness; the streets

are paved, and lighted at night; roads, in the highest state of excellence, connect the town with the whole kingdom, so that a man can travel a hundred miles more readily, now, than he could ten miles, in the old time; and canal and sea navigation transport the weightiest goods, with the greatest facility, from each district to the other, and from each town to the other, so that all are enabled to apply their industry to what is most profitable for each and all. Every man, therefore, may satisfy his wants, according to his means, at the least possible expense of the transport of commodities. Every tradesman has a stock ready to meet the demand; and thus the stock of a very moderately wealthy tradesman, of the Colchester of the present day, is worth more than all the stock of all the different trades that were carried on in the same place in the fourteenth century. To effect these public conveniences, millions of capital have been invested, which sums have afforded profitable labor to millions of workmen. Look at the iron trade, which has so large a share in all public works. In the year 1788, sixty thousand tons of cast iron were manufactured. In the year 1828, the amount of the produce of cast-iron was six hundred thousand tons. A large portion of this enormous increase has been applied to the internal improvement of the country, in water-pipes, gas-pipes, bridges, rail-roads.

But to allow us to form a tolerable estimate of this country, we must take a few general points of comparison, which may enable us to estimate the astonishing extent of this production and accumulation, more accurately, even, than from the individual case we have exhibited.

[Concluded next week.]

THE FLUTE PLAYER.

The celebrated Vaucanson invented an Automaton Flute-player, of which there is a minute description in the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, by which it appears that the figure was about five feet and a half high, and was placed upon a square pedestal, which concealed a portion of the machinery. The air entered the body by three separate pipes, into which it was conveyed by nine pairs of bellows, which expanded and contracted in regular succession by means of a steel axis turned by clock-work. These bellows performed their functions without any noise, which might have discovered the means of conveying the air into the machine. The three tubes that received the air from the bellows passed into three small reservoirs in the trunk of the figure, where they united, and ascending towards the throat, formed the cavity of the mouth, which terminated in two small lips. Within this cavity was a small movable tongue, which by its motion, at proper intervals, admitted the air or intercepted it in its passage to the flute. The fingers, lips, and tongue derived appropriate movements from a steel cylinder, also turned by clock-work. It was divided into fifteen equal parts, which, by means of pegs pressing upon the ends of fifteen different levers, caused the other extremities to ascend. Seven of these levers directed the fingers, having wires and chains fixed to their ascending extremities, which being attached to the fingers, caused them to ascend in proportion as the other extremity was pressed down by the motion of the cylinder, and vice versa; thus the ascent or descent of one end of a lever produced a similar ascent or descent in the corresponding fingers, by which one of the holes of the flute was occasionally opened or stopped, as it might have been by a living performer. Three of the levers served to regulate the ingress of the air, being so contrived as to open and shut the three reservoirs above mentioned, by means of valves, so that more or less strength might be given, and a higher or lower note produced. The lips were directed by four levers, one of which opened them to give the air a free passage; the other contracted them; the third drew them backward; and the fourth pushed them forward; the lips were projected upon that part of the flute which received the air, and by the different motions already mentioned, properly modified the tone. The remaining lever was employed in the direction of the tongue, which it easily moved, so as to open or shut the mouth of the flute. The just succession of the several motions performed by the various parts of the machine, was regulated by the following simple contrivance:—the extremity of the axis of the cylinder terminated, on the right side, by an endless screw, consisting of twelve threads each placed at the distance of an eighth of an inch from the other. Above the screw was fixed a piece of copper, and in it a steel pivot which falling in between the threads of the screw, obliged the cylinder to follow these threads; and thus, instead of turning directly round, it was continually pushed on one side. Hence, if a lever were moved by a peg placed on the cylinder, in any one revolution it could not be moved by the same peg in the succeeding revolution because the peg would be an eighth of an inch beyond it, by the lateral motion of the cylinder. Thus by an artificial disposition of these pegs in different parts of the cylinder, the statue was made, by the successive elevation of the proper levers, to exhibit all the different motions of a flute-player.

We were much gratified, in visiting the paper-manufactory of Mr. I. Willets about three miles south of this village, to observe the great improvement in the making of paper, which has taken place within a few years. Although we are in the daily habit of making use of the article, yet, we are ashamed to confess, that our curiosity had been so little excited, with regard to the manufacture is, that we had not seen the interior of a paper mill, since the time when every sheet was made singly, by hand, employing many persons, at a great sacrifice of time and labor. But that the change effected by the introduction of machinery, has been as great with regard to the manufacturing of paper, as in that of any other article, will we think, be admitted, after we have briefly described the process. The kind of paper being made, at the time of our visit, was that, styled from the material of which it is composed, straw paper. The straw having been thrown in a vat, is exposed for a day to the action of lime water, and then boiled for another day, by which process, it is made sufficiently soft to form a pulp, after being exposed to the action of the mill. We must neglect to mention, however, that there is mixed with the straw, about one sixth of its weight of rope, which, on account of its fibrous nature, is calculated to give a greater degree of

tenacity to the paper. After the material has been sufficiently reduced to pulp, it is pumped into a box, at one side of which, revolves a hollow cylinder, of about one foot in diameter. The circumference of this cylinder, is composed of a fine wire gauze, which permitting the water to pass, arrests the solid material, which is taken up on a flannel band and passed between two pairs of rollers, in order to express the water: It is then in a fit state to pass over the drying cylinder. This is about six or seven feet in circumference, and is wholly composed of cast-iron. A furnace, or rather a stove is placed in the interior, which serves to heat the surface of the revolving cylinder, around which, the paper, held close by a cloth band, is once passed. By this operation, the paper is thoroughly dried, and is reeled off at the opposite side of the cylinder, and thence passed on to a wheel, on the circumference of which a blade is fixed, which at every revolution encounters another blade made fast, and the paper is thus cut into sheets of the requisite size. It is then counted into quires, tied into reams, which being twice the size required are cut in two, and are then ready for market. The number of sheets cut per minute is about twenty-five, and the average number of reams about sixty-five or seventy per day. The quantity of straw used, is about 600 pounds a day, making a ready market for much that is raised in the vicinity. To those who are desirous of seeing straw, thrown into one portion of a machine, and in a little time come out at another, made into paper, ready dried and cut, without the intervention of any person,—or to those who are pleased to see the operation, and improvements in machinery, we say, you cannot better spend an hour, than in a visit to a paper mill.—*Hemp. Eng.*

Some of the ablest men in the world have belonged to both classes,—and great criminals are to be found in either. But pride and vanity would draw a line of separation, and inferiority is attempted to be stamped upon the mechanic; not because of his ignorance or want of character, but from his following an occupation which requires boarding school misses, who may themselves be indebted for their importance to the lap-stone or the needle. To please such, and to be ranked among gentlemen, youths are raised in idleness, and die in poverty.—It is a great mistake in parents to yield to this weakness. It is their duty to provide their sons with means of future support, not by leaving them fortunes to be squandered,—but by giving them trades by which they can live, and be industrious, and prudent habits which will always secure them independence. The wheel of fate is perpetually turning, and its revolutions elevate professional men, and precipitates to the bottom the foolish and improvident. The scene is continually shifting; and men are like the buckets in a well, as one descends another rises—alternately full and empty.

“The wealthy to-day are the poor of tomorrow; they rise up in joy and sink down in sorrow.”

And this is greatly owing to the ambitious desire of out-rivalling others.—They seek happiness in fleeting shadows; forgetful that

“Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.”

It is true that the mechanic, like other men, is subject to the mutations of fortune,—but he has always a resource—something to break the severity of his fall,—for whilst not deprived of his physical powers, he carries in his hands the powers of recovery.

For a female a soft, small hand, may be deemed a beauty—but in a man it is no recommendation; with persons of good sense—and yet an effeminate, lisping ignorance, with the dirty appendage of imperial and mustache, will be received into society from which the intelligent and honorable mechanic is excluded. This would be a matter too insignificant for notice, were it not that it has a pernicious influence over the minds of the younger portion of the community, male and female.—Old Dominion.

EXTRAORDINARY MECHANICAL INVENTION.—At a late meeting of the British Association in Manchester, the lion of the exhibition, was a machine for the working, or forging of iron, steel, &c. This truly surprising machine is quite portable, occupying only a space of 3 feet by 4 feet, and is purely original in principle, as well as practical in its application. It may be worked by steam or water power, and when moved by the former, as was the case at the exhibition it made 650 blows, or impressions per minute. There are five or six sets of what may be called anvils and swages in the machine, each varying in the size. The speed and correctness with which the machine completes its work, is perfectly astonishing, and must be seen in order that its capabilities in this respect may be duly appreciated; for instance, when it was put into motion for the purpose of producing what is known as a roller, with a coupling square upon it (and which had to be afterwards turned and fluted) the thing was accomplished in fifty seconds, of course at one heat, to the astonishment of the bystanders. But what appeared as the most extraordinary part of the affair, was, that the coupling square was produced direct from the machine, & mathematically correct, that no labor can make it more! The machine will perform the labor of three men and their assistants or strikers, and not only so, but complete its work in a vastly superior manner to that executed by manual labor. For engineers, machine makers, smiths in general, file makers, bolt and screw makers, or for any description of work parallel or taper, it is most especially adapted; and for what is technically known as reducing, it cannot possibly have a successful competitor—in proof of which it may be stated, that a piece of round iron, 1 3-4 inches in diameter, was reduced to a square of 3-8 inch, 2-feet 5 inches long at one heat. The merit of this invention belongs, it is said, to a gentleman at Boston, of the name of Ryder.—*American Traveller*.

“DIDN'T I DRUM WELL?” Many of your readers, doubtless, have read the anecdote of the justly celebrated merchant of Boston, Billy Gray, as he is familiarly called; but lest all your readers may not have seen it, I will take the liberty to give the substance here. When Mr. Gray was somewhat advanced in years, he was one day superintending a piece of carpenter work—for nothing about him was permitted to escape his vigilant eye; he had occasion to reprimand the man who was performing it, for not doing his work well. The carpenter turned upon him; he and “Billy” being known to each other in their youth—and said, “Billy Gray, what do you presume to scold me for? you are a rich man, ‘tis true, but didn't I know you when you were nothing but a drummer?” “Well, sir, didn't I drum well, eh, didn't I drum well?” The carpenter was silenced, and went on to do his work better, agreeably to Billy's orders. Billy Gray commenced his career a poor boy, and began early and continued through his long life to act on the principle of always drumming well, or otherwise, of doing every thing as it

ARTIFICIAL ICE.—Much has been said about a skating floor in London, composed of artificial ice, and much curiosity has been manifested to know how it was made. It appears, however, that it is not really ice, but

the sleeping sine.

She lustrates thrice with sulphur, water, fire,

His feeble frame resumes the youthful air,

A glossy brown, his hoary head and hair,

The magre paleness from his aspect Red,

And in its room sprang up a florid red.

This lady was the great patroness of herb and steam doctors of old; and may be considered the ancient representative of modern manufacturers of specific, which, as they allege, (and often truly) remove all diseases. The fable of her slaying her own children in the presence of Jason, is easily explained by her administering to them the wrong medicine or too large a dose of the right one; the latter was certainly the case with old Pelias; who expired under it.—*Evbank's Hydraulics and Mechanics*.

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ought to be done, and not by halves; and the result was, that he died worth his millions of dollars. A number of years since, I heard from his nephew, who received his mercantile education in his uncle's counting house, several anecdotes connected with his habits of early rising, untiring industry, personal supervision of his immense business, and the clock-work manner in which everything about him had to move—indeed, always "drumming well." This is a text from which much, very much, might be deduced to the advantage of every farmer. Let us, one and all, endeavor through the coming year to drum better than we have ever drummed before; and an increased reward to our labors will be the sure result.—*Albany Cultivator.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Worcester Teamsters, Just look at this!
We see the following account of the drawing match at the Worcester Cattle Show, on the 12th, in the Boston Cultivator.

"At the drawing match, 22 teams entered for the prizes. The loads drawn consisted of two tons of stones, and the way they were handled by these young teams did great credit to the enterprising farmers of Worcester, while this conclusively proved how much the value and usefulness of the ox may be improved by proper care and training."

Two Tons! Why that isn't a load for a pair of Kennebec calves.

We saw Peleg Haines, of Readfield, at the drawing match at the Kennebec Cattle Show the other day, hitch his single yoke of oxen on to a load that weighed Six Tons, Five Hundred and Ninety, and walked them up a hill just as easy as you would a wheelbarrow. When he got in the steepest part of the way, he stopped them a moment just to show the spectators how easy they could start it again. At the word they started forward as readily as they did at the bottom—no wringing or twisting or any fuss about it. None of the oxen drew up less than 8500 lbs. (Four tons five hundred.) J. W. Haines, of Hallowell, had a yoke there that would probably have hauled the same load that Peleg Haines' did, had they been a little more used to the road and less shy of the great concourse of people that surrounded them. We understand that they afterwards started a larger load on a drag than Peleg's did.

If the Worcester boys want to see cattle haul, they must come to Kennebec.

RESPONSIBILITY.—If a man is not fit to hold an office, he is not fit to be married.
—*Fitchburg Sent.*

TRAD. And then a man who is married, already holds as important an office as is to be found in any of the united states.
—*Barr's Gaz.*

To be sure he does: and the responsibilities will rest upon him—*Fitchburg Sent.*

Aye, and the way they'll clamor for the loaves and fishes will be a caution to demagogues.—*Me. Far.*

AMBITION.—travels on a road too narrow for friendship.—*Ex. Paper.*

And too crooked for love.—*Piscataway.*

And too ragged for honesty.—*Pitts. Chron.*

And too dark for science.—*Am. Mech.*

And too low for a Christian.—*Maine Farmer.*

ELECTIONS.—Many of the States have had their gubernatorial and other elections. From such returns as we have received, we learn that in New Jersey the Whigs have carried the day.—In Georgia the Democrats are triumphant.—In Pennsylvania, the Democrats.—In Wisconsin, the Whigs.

A DOGGREL BUCOLIC, OR A JINGLING REBUTTER TO "FUN AND APPLES."

SAMUEL WOOD, JR., Esq.—SIR,

Last week I sent you down some fruit, well knowing it was good,

And told you I was your friend, while you were Samuel Wood.

And you replied in gentle tones, and strains almost sublime,

You fed me with your softest corn, and charm'd me with your rhyme.

But in what terms shall I rehearse the praise of Doctor Holmes?

It must be done in epic verse, and music's loftiest tones.

Gods of the muses! come and sing in your enrapturing lays,

And make the groves and hillsides ring and, echoing, shout his praise;

And I will praise your honor'd names with all my vocal powers,

Since I've exchanged your sterile plains for these delightful bowers.

And should you come to Mercer's town, I'd surely make you merry,

I'd lead you doggerel down with all the fruit he'd carry.

O come, O come, O quickly come, while yet Pomona reigns,

And strew these bowers with fruits and flowers, thro' all the extended plains.

Old winter's blast is coming fast, old Boreas soon will blow,

The sky with clouds will be o'ercast, the ground be hid in snow;

Then come, O come, O quickly come, while yet Pomona reigns,

And strew these bowers with fruits and flowers, thro' all the extended plains.

I now must close, and seek repose, for darkness veils the sky,

I've no more time to sport in rhyme, so now my friend good bye.

Oct. 10, 1842.

State of Maine.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION

FOR THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

The lapse of another year since our last thanksgiving festival, finds us rejoicing over a fruitful season and abundant crops—the general prevalence of health, and in the continued enjoyment of the blessings of peace. The means of education are every where enjoyed. Religion is shedding her benign and healthful influences over society. Our people are enterprising, industrious, and frugal; possessing a State, abounding in all the elements of unlimited prosperity.

This signally favored, how proper it is that as a people we should suitably offer up the tribute of deep and heartfelt gratitude to the Author of all good.

In view therefore, of our unnumbered blessings, and in accordance with a time honored and beautiful custom, I have appointed, with the advice of the Executive Council, THURSDAY, the SEVENTEENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, as a day for PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

The people of the State are therefore requested to abstain from unnecessary labor and improper recreation

on that day, and to assemble in their respective places of public worship, to engage in religious exercises suited to the occasion.

And while linking our Heavenly Father for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty—for the blessing of republican institutions, let us not be unmindful of our obligation to disseminate and extend the principles upon which they rest. While enjoying the bounties of a kind Providence, let us not forget those who are less favored; but may our sympathies be alive to their sufferings, and our hands open to the wants of humanity.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Augusta, this eighth day of October; in the year of our Lord eight hundred and forty-two; and in the sixty seventh year of the Independence of the United States.

JOHN FAIRFIELD.
PHILIP C. JOHNSON, Secretary of State.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT PORTLAND.—The following account of a large and destructive fire which took place at Portland on Wednesday night last, is from the Advertiser of that city.

Our city was the scene of a most melancholy and disastrous fire last night. It broke out about half-past ten, in the cabinet shop of Mr. George Clark, on Congress-street, a short distance west of Brown-street. The wind was blowing boisterously from the northwest, and a long drought had prevailed.

The shop was soon enveloped in flames, which were driven with great fury upon out-buildings in the rear of the main building, still the corner of Congress-street, a short distance west of Brown-street. The contents of a large lumber yard in the rear were also soon in flames.

The fire soon communicated to the tavern above named, a large three-story building on the corner of the street in the rear of the latter portion of the fire. The flames were irresistibly driven through and over a mass of wooden buildings to the houses of William Willis and the late Jacob Knight, on Free-street.

The firemen were very soon compelled to abandon their efforts, still the corner of the fire, by a strong wind from the west, which drove the flames along the street, between the large and valuable houses on the remainder of the square to Centre-street, where they were successful. Most providentially, just at midnight, the wind subsided, and the flames were confined within the limits we have named, although the imminent danger was not past until after two in the morning. The houses of C. B. Davis, Esq., and here, by dint of most extraordinary exertions, served as a barrier to the further progress of the flames, and stands this morning, a blackened shell to attest what the firemen could do and did to, at this most critical point. The side toward the flames is completely destroyed, while the front is entire. The contents of the house were taken out of the houses destroyed, and a large number of other houses were cleared. Scarcely ever has there been a conflagration in the city more threatening, or one attended with more disaster. The space burnt over is computed to be nearly three acres, and Free-street one of the most beautiful parts of the city, is a desolation. Many of the elegant shade trees are destroyed, and twenty years time will hardly repair that loss.

We want words to describe the energy, the bravery and skill of the Fire Department. We thought we had seen them do their best heretofore, but last night they surpassed themselves. The firemen of Portland are competent to every thing but impossibilities. Their exertions were continued till nearly day.

The house of Mr. Willis was valued for its associations with the memory of the late Chief Justice Parker of Massachusetts, who formerly resided in it. It was built by the Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Mr. Davis's house was one of the most beautiful in the city, having been built by his father fifty years ago. The elegant three story house of the late Mr. Knight was finely adorned with shrubbery and shade trees, which are now obliterated.

The part of Brown-street named in this account was a thoroughfare for many years.

Mr. Clark states that the apprentices were at work in his shop until half past nine o'clock. They think the fire caught from the funnel of the stove, but this is uncertain, as the cause of the fire demands further examination. Mr. Clark's loss on the building and stock is estimated at \$2000. He had a large stock of furniture and lumber on hand, some of which was removed. No insurance on the building or stock. Next to Mr. Clark's was a two-story building occupied by a shoemaker, Mr. Barber. The lumber-yard was well filled with shooks, headings, &c., owned principally by Butterfield & Small and other traders in Morton's buildings. Loss roughly estimated at \$400—no insurance.

The large house on the corner of Brown-street, belonging to the estate of the late Clinton Thayer, was insured by the Manufacturers' Insurance Company, Boston, for \$4000. The furniture was insured by the Hartford Company, of which Mr. Jeremiah Dow is Agent, but was mostly removed.

Mr. Willis's house was owned by Benj. Willis of Boston, and valued at \$4000; no insurance; furniture saved. The sum of \$2600 was insured on the Knight property, by the Manufacturers' office, Boston. A small warehouse in the rear of this was owned by David Warren of Gorham, and occupied by Richard W. Lewis; no insurance.

Mr. Davis's house was insured at the Manufacturers' Office, Boston. The furniture was saved in tolerable order.

On the east side of Brown-street, a two-story house in the rear of Mr. Davis's, owned by Nathaniel Shaw, and occupied by Albert Baker, was insured at the Mutual Office in this city for \$500. Next to this was a similar house, owned by Joseph Thaxter, and occupied by Mr. Higgins, junior; also Thaxter's building, occupied by a shoemaker, Mr. Barber. The lumber-yard was well filled with shooks, headings, &c., owned principally by Butterfield & Small and other traders in Morton's buildings. Loss roughly estimated at \$400—no insurance.

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An odd fish.—The Salem (Mass.) Register states that a very curious animal, some 20 feet in length and weighing about a ton, was captured in the waters of Manchester, Mass., on Sunday last. Being disabled by getting into shoal water and becoming entangled in the ice, the fisher fell a prey to the hardy fishermen of Manchester, and yielded the capture between one and two barrels of oil. The stranger was called by some of the old fishermen, a "Sea Cow," and the meat (fish or flesh) was said by those who tried it, to be excellent, similar in flavor to a beef steak, but more tender and palatable.

Washington Pig.—Among the animals exhibited at the cattle show in this town, was a remarkably large and handsome pig, raised by Frederick Paxon of this town. We questioned neighbor Paxon, who is a staunch Washingtonian, how long he had been an amateur in pork raising, and how he made the creature grow so. "Oh," says he, "it is by feeding him well and taking care of him: taking the money that used to be spent for grog and buying corn, potatoes and peas. There is no secret about it. I could have raised two or three in the same way. This is a Washingtonian pig. He shows what a Washingtonian can do when he keeps the pig and attends to his business." The pig had no superior at the cattle show.—*Ken. Journal.*

Death in Church.—The Elizabeth City, N. C. Advocate of Tuesday says:—Mr. Richard Berry, an aged and respectable member of the Baptist Church at Shiloh, Camden county, died during divine service at that place on Sunday last. When the old gentleman entered the church he was in excellent health—but scarcely had the services begun, when he fell back & expired without a groan. Dr. Merchant was on the ground, & used every exertion to resuscitate him, but in vain. Mr. B. was aged about 65 years.

The Recording Secretary of the Boston Lyceum informs the public that a lecturer on elocution will recite to the Lyceum, on Thursday evening, among other pieces, "Othello's Apology," Speech of Patrick Henry, with other Selections from the Bible! Put him on the supernumerated list, and give him a pension.

Sudden death at Stoneham.—Mr. Thomas Green of Stoneham, a soldier of the Revolution, died very suddenly on Tuesday last week. He had been to work all day and came home at night apparently as well as usual, but in walking to the tea table he fell and immediately expired.—*Concord Freeman.*

Nantucket Bar.—The Nantucketers have been trying for some time past to invent some mode by which loaded ships might be taken over the bar at the mouth of that harbor. They have at last succeeded. By means of a floating dock, (called the camels), the ship Constitution was taken from the wharf, and over the bar, last week, full loaded. This was the first time that a ship was ever loaded at the wharf.

Gen. Duff Green.—The London correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says, that this famed individual, who has been now some time in London, has nearly brought to a successful issue, negotiations for establishing a system of barter between some first rate commercial houses here, and an establishment to be formed at Cairo, in the West. Vessels are to go direct from this port to the latter, being freighted with British manufactured goods, and to return with American produce. There are to be no money transactions whatever.

Horrible mode of Torture and Execution at Monte Video.—Of all the ways in which they apply the hides of bullocks, that of punishment is left out. It is related of them that they sow up their prisoners in a wet hide, leaving out the head and neck only, and in this condition they lay them on the ground to dry. In the process of drying, which the hide soon does in the powerful effect of the sun, it becomes contracted and produces the most excruciating torture on the unfortunate prisoner by the inextricable of bullocks; but if night arrives before he dies from its effects, the hide relaxes again with the moisture from the air, only to prolong his sufferings on the next day, which generally is the last. So cruel a death is worse even than that which the Boa constrictor can inflict, and the invention of it is said to belong to a barbarian named Ramirez.

A Drunken Carriage.—A drunken fellow, after dreadfully abusing his wife who reproached him for his cruelty, went out of the house in a rage, declared that she should never see him again till he returned in his carriage, when she would be happy to receive him. He kept his word—but not exactly as he intended—for in a couple of hours he came home drunk in a wheelbarrow.

Scenes Retorts.—A coxcomb, not very remarkable for the acuteness of his feelings or his wit, wishing to banter a testy old gentleman, who had lately garnished his mouth with a complete set of false teeth, flippantly inquired—"Well, my good sir, I have often heard you complain of your masticators—pray, when do you expect to be troubled with the toothache?"

"When you have an affection of the heart, or a brain fever," was the reply.

Not less ready and biting was the retort of the long-eared Irishman, who, being banteringly asked—"Paddy, my jewel, why don't you get your ears cropped? They are too large for a man!" replied—"And your's are too small for an ass."

The Youthful Mind.—A straw will make an impression on the virgin soul; it remains but a short time and a horse's hoof can scarcely penetrate it. So it is with the youthful mind. A trifling word may make an impression on it, but after a few years, the most powerful appeals may cease to influence it.—Think of this, ye who have the training of the infant mind, and leave such impressions thereon as will be safe for it to carry amid the follies and temptations of the world.

Loss of Life.—The train of cars on the New York and Erie road, during the late winter, encountered some obstruction near Munroe's, threw the locomotive, the tender and baggage car off the track. On making an examination for the cause, the dead bodies of forty-five sheep were found on the track.

Perfection.—A celebrated preacher having remarked in his sermon that every thing made by God was perfect, "What think you of me?" said a deformed man in a pew beneath, who arose from his seat, and pointed to his own back. "Think of you?" retorted the preacher; "why, then, you are the most perfect hunchback my eyes ever beheld."

A ploughman is not an ignorant man because he does not know how to read; if he knows how to plough he is not to be called an ignorant man; if a wife may be justly called an ignorant woman, if she does not know how to provide a dinner for her husband. It is a cold comfort for a hungry man, to tell him how delightfully his wife plays and sings: lovers may live on very arid diet; but husbands stand in need of the solids.

Very Singular.—The editor of a western newspaper thus introduces some verses:—"The poem published this week, was composed by an esteemed friend who has been in the grass many years, merely for his own amusement."

Accident.—Mr. Stearns, for a number of years a faithful and prudent overseer on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, fell a few days since while jumping upon his engine, at Framingham, it passed over his leg. The limb was so severely bruised that it was necessary to amputate it.

A hungry jury at the late court in Halifax commenced a regular dance in their room above the Court, to the tune of "Whar did you come from." The Sheriff was soon sent up by Judge Leigh, with orders to provide them a more suitable apartment in jail, where they might continue their frolic during the night, if they thought proper.—*Stanton (Va.) Spectator.*

A young lady eloped from a boarding-school for a married life, her main object being, as she afterwards confessed, that she might be at liberty to lie in bed as long as she pleased in the morning, and have buttered toast for breakfast!

A Vessel burned at Sea.—The following statement at the time, and have every confidence in its authenticity.

On Friday the 16th of September, at 4 o'clock P. M., in lat 30 20, North, and long 71 degrees West, on her passage from Thomaston, Me., for this port, the bark Sallowell fell into the masts and rigging of a ship apparently 600 tons burthen. It was evident, from appearances that she had been destroyed by fire. The mizen mast was burned off a little above the deck, and the sparker gaff was much burned where the sail was stowed close to the mast, (as her gaff was stationary aloft); the mizen topmast was also consumed, or very nigh to it. The mizen top gallant and royal sails were not consumed. It was observable that the mizen top gallant mast lengthwise, as if some of the unfortunate crew had sought a temporary refuge there. The main topmast was carried away about 100 feet below the cap, the top sail, top gallant and royal yards were still attached to their respective masts, as well as the greater part of the sails and standing rigging, but no trace of fire was discoverable upon the spars of the rigging of the mainmast. Of the foremast nothing was seen. She was a ship of between two and three years old, it was evident from the appearance of her masts, spars, rigging and iron work. That she was an American ship, is beyond a doubt, from the fashion of her masts, spars, &c. O. Piquette, 5th inst.

The vessel above alluded to, must have been, we think, the bark Ludwig of Thomaston, which vessel sprung a leak in a gale, and was abandoned on the 5th Sept. She was set on fire by another vessel about 6 o'clock. He was an aged man, unmarried, and has no relation in this quarter. All his acquaintance speak of him as a man of irreproachable character, and the cause of this act is completely a mystery.—*Portland Advertiser.*

A splendid celebration took place on Friday last in New York, on account of the introduction of the Cotton Ware of the Dudley and South Down blood of various ages and prime condition. A gentleman who purchases stock of me and does not find them answer the recommendation I give, I will make a corresponding deduction in the price paid. Call and examine for yourselves. J. W. HAINES. (Cultivator and Kennebec Journal please copy.) 43 w.

A Good Farm for Sale.
SITUATE in Readfield, one mile from the Town House, on the road leading to Winthrop, and on the East side of the pond, 3 miles from Readfield Corner, 4 miles from Winthrop Village, and 10 miles from Hallowell and Augusta, containing 150 acres of land, with a good two story house well finished and in good repair, with all out buildings needed on a farm, a barn nearly new, 85 feet by 40 with two 60 foot sheds convenient for keeping sheep, and water in the barn yard. There is about 60 acres of good land adjoining, which may be had with the farm if desired. Also two lots one mile distant, one of 10 acres well wooded, the other contains 42 acres, one half pasturing and the other wood. The whole will be sold together or separately, as will best suit the purchaser, the farm has a good orchard and a cider mill, a large quantity of stone walling in view the Pond and Villages of Readfield and Winthrop.

For further particulars inquire of RUFUS SMITH Esq., on the premises, or THURSTON W. STEVENS, Esq., of Winthrop. October 22, 1842. 42f

Notice to Delinquents.
The former Proprietors of the Maine Farmer, (SEAVEY & ROBBINS, and NOYES & ROBBINS,) after waiting patiently for a long time for those indebted to send them their just dues, now find that a large amount of old accounts remain unsettled, which they must collect to satisfy their own creditors. We have now deliberately come to the conclusion, and would say to one and all, that on the 10th day of January next, all our outstanding accounts will be left with Attorneys for IMMEDIATE collection. We give this early notice, that all honest persons may have sufficient time to make remittances and adjust their accounts; and we expect that all such will heed this call immediately, and thus relieve us from the unpleasant necessity of taking the legal measures for collecting what should have been paid us voluntarily long ago, and which we had a right to expect. Let none complain of this, but by an early remittance strive to atone for their past neglect under the lenity we have ever shown them.

Whitman's Thrasher, Separator and NEW HORSE POWER.
THE undersigned continues to manufacture his Horse Power and Separator at his shop in Winthrop, Kennebec Co., Me., where those who are in want of a first rate apparatus for thrashing and cleaning grain can be supplied at short notice. His experience in the making and operation of the Horse Power, has enabled him to make very essential improvements in its construction, and he batters himself to be able to furnish one of the best machines of the kind now known.

He makes use of the best materials and employs first rate workmen, and thinks that he cannot fail to give satisfaction to those who are disposed to purchase of him. He will sell rights in his Patent Separator for any territory not already disposed of, with a good and sufficient title to the same.

He has also made a very important improvement in his Separator in cleaning grain. He now pledges himself that his Separator will clean grain better and blow away less than any other machine now in use within his knowledge.

He has on hand a number of Cylinder Thrashers which he will sell separate from the other machinery. Whoever wishes to buy a Thrasher or Separator or Horse Power, single or all united, had better call and examine.

LUTHER WHITMAN.
Winthrop, July, 1841.

Kennebec, ss.—At a Court of Probate holden at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 10th day of Sept. A. D. 1842.

FRANCIS FULLER, Guardian of JOSEPH CUMINGS, of Winthrop, in said County, non compos mentis, presented his first account of Guardianship of the Estate of said Ward for allowance:

Ordered, That said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Winthrop, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

W. EMMONS, Judge.
A true copy. Attest: F. Davis, Register. 40

STANLEY & CLARK have for sale a large assortment of TICKING & FEATHERS, at cheap bargains.

Important to Farmers.
THE MOXNOUTH MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY has been in operation over five years, has paid all its losses, (amounting to about \$700,) without recourse to assessments.

Officers:—N. Pierce, President. I. N. Prescott, Treasurer. J. M. Heath

POETRY.

The following song was written by John H. Ward, Esq., and sung by Mr. Bartlett, at the 12th Triennial Festival of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, Oct. 6, 1842.

THE TRIUMPHS OF LABOR.

Stout hearts! who guard the starry banner,
That streams our glorious Union o'er—
Bold Spirits! Raise your loud Hosanna
To Labor's Triumphs on sea and shore!
Say! shall the Hero's deeds of glory,
His blood-stained spirit wed to Fame—
And the victories of Peace your name
Enshrine not in the heart of story?
No! no! Press on, true men!
Who make the earth smile bright
With Labor's magic arm and wand—
The broad world feels your Might.

Nature's Noblemen! whose honor bright
Is the best guardian of your fame!
What scepter fool, with proud birth-right,
Can match you in your deeds of life?
To tell the oak that builds his throne—
Your empire—Nature's broad realm alone.
Your law, your own strong minds, high gifted,
Press on! Press on! &c.

The pine-tree, from the forest springing,
Walks old ocean like "a thing of life"—
The giant oak, with loud crash ringing,
Ride the surges of the battle strife:
And every tree, rock, and buried mine
Leaps from the earth beneath your spell—
The palace, and where your treasures dwell,
Sweet Labor's hard-earned garlands twine.
Press on! Press on! &c.

The loom comes forth—the bright lights kindle—
And the music of the dashing stream
Singseth your praise—the busy spindle,
With cunning hand, weaves it in its theme.
"God's first Temples," all art excelling,
Your touch transforms and decks with gold—
The poor man's palace, with hearts ne'er cold,
And splendid misery's lonely dwelling.
Press on! Press on! &c.

Mild Charity is Labor's brightest
Jewel, that decks her mottled brow—
She sweetens Toil, and makes that lightest,
Which but for it the aching heart would bow;
The orphan's tear—can you forget it?
The widow's prayer, oh! will ye spurn?
From the treasure of your comrades turn?
Within your heart of hearts ye'll set it!
Press on! Press on! &c.

Brave Hearts! who guard the starry banner
That streams our glorious Union o'er,
Well may ye raise your loud Hosanna,
For Labor's triumphs on sea and shore:
Boast earth's Mightiest none more splendid—
Joint offspring of MIND, HEART and HAND;
The Builders of your own Fame ye stand:
Your deeds with stainless glory blended!
Press on! Press on! &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FAILING HOPE; A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Shall I read to you, ma?" said Emma Martin, a little girl eleven years of age, coming to the side of her mother, who sat in a musing attitude by the centre table, upon which the servant had just placed a light.

Mrs. Martin did not seem to hear the voice of her child; for she moved not, nor was there any change in the fixed, dreamy expression of her face.

"Ma," repeated the child, after waiting for a few moments, laying, at the same time, her head gently upon her mother's shoulder.

"What, dear?" Mrs. Martin asked, in a tender voice, rousing herself up.

"Shall I read to you, ma?" repeated the child.

"No—yes, dear, you may read for me"—the mother said, and her tones were low, with something mournful in their expression.

"What shall I read, ma?"

"Get the Bible, dear, and read to me from that good book," replied Mrs. Martin.

"I love to read in the Bible," Emma said, as she brought to the centre table that sacred volume, and commenced turning over its pages. She then read chapter after chapter, while the mother listened in deep attention, after lifting her head upwards and breathing a silent prayer. At last Emma grew tired with reading, and closed the book.

"It is time for you to go to bed, dear," Mrs. Martin observed, as the little girl showed signs of weariness.

"Kiss me, ma," the child said, lifting her innocent face to that of her mother, and receiving the token of love she asked. So breathing her gentle

"Good night!" the affectionate girl glided off, and retired to her chamber.

"Dear child!" Mrs. Martin murmured, as Emma left the room. "My heart trembles when I think of you, and look in the dark and doubtful future!"

She then leaned her head upon her hand, and sat in deep and evidently painful abstraction of mind. Thus she remained for nearly an hour, until aroused by the clock which struck the hour of ten.

With a deep sigh she arose, and commenced pacing the room backwards and forwards, pausing every now and then to listen to the sound of approaching footsteps, and moving on again as the sound went by. Thus she continued to walk until near eleven o'clock, when some one drew near, paused at the street door, and then opening it, came along the passage with a firm and steady step.

Mrs. Martin stopped, trembling in spite of herself before the parlor door, which a moment after was swung open. One glance at the face of the individual who entered, convinced her that her solicitude had been in vain.

"Oh, James!" she said, the tears gushing from her eyes, in spite of a strong effort to compose herself. "I am so glad that you have come!"

"Why are you so agitated, Emma?" her husband said, in some surprise, looking enquiringly into Mrs. Martin's face.

"You staid out so late—and you know I am foolish sometimes!" she replied, leaning her head down upon his shoulder, and continuing to weep.

A change instantly passed upon Mr. Martin's countenance, and he stood still for some time, his face wearing a grave thoughtful expression, while his wife remained with her head leaning upon him. At last he drew his arm tenderly around her, and said—

"Emma, I am a sober man."

"Do not, dear James! speak of that. I am so happy now!"

"Yes, Emma, I will speak of it now." And as he said so, he gently seated her upon the sofa and took his place beside her.

"Emma," he resumed looking her steadily in the face. "I have resolved never again to touch the accursed cup that has so well nigh destroyed our peace forever."

"Oh James! What a mountain you have taken from my heart!" Mrs. Martin replied, the whole expression of her face changing as suddenly as a landscape upon which the sun shines from beneath an obscuring cloud. "I have had nothing to trouble me but that—that one trouble has seemed more than I could possibly bear."

"You shall have no more trouble, Emma. I have been for some months under a strong delusion, it has seemed. But I am now fully awake, and see the dangerous precipice upon which I have been standing. This night I have solemnly resolved that I would drink no more spirituous liquors. Nothing stronger than wine shall again pass my lips."

"I cannot tell you how my heart is relieved," the wife said. "The whole of this evening I have been painfully oppressed with fear and dark forebodings. Our dear little girl is now at that age, when her future prospects interest me all the while. I think of them night and day. Shall they all be marred? I have asked myself often and often. But I could give my heart no certain answer. I need not tell you why."

"Give yourself no more anxiety on this point, Emma," her husband replied. "I will be a free man again. I will be to you and my child all that I have ever been."

"May our Heavenly Father aid you to keep that resolution," was the silent prayer that went up from the heart of Mrs. Martin.

The failing hope of her bosom revived under this assurance. She felt again as in the early years of their wedded life, when hope and confidence and tender affection were all in the bloom and vigor of their first development. The light came back to her eye, and the smile to her lip.

It was about four months afterwards, that Mr. Martin was invited to make one of a small party, going to a literary man, as a visitor from a neighboring city.

"I shall not be home to dinner, Emma," he said, on leaving in the morning.

"Why not, James?" she asked.

"I am going to dine at four, with a select party of gentlemen."

Mrs. Martin did not reply, but a cloud passed over her face, in spite of an effort not to seem concerned.

"Don't be uneasy, Emma," her husband said, noting this change. "I shall touch nothing but wine. I know my weakness, and shall be on my guard."

"Do be watchful over yourself, for my sake, and for the sake of our own dear child," Mrs. Martin replied, laying her arm tenderly upon his shoulder.

"Have no fear, Emma," he said, and kissing the yet fair and beautiful cheek of his wife, Mr. Martin left the house.

How long, how very long did the day seem to Mrs. Martin! The usual hour for her return passed away, the dinner hardly tasted; and then his wife counted the hours as they passed lingeringly away, until the dim, gray twilight fell with a saddening influence around her.

"He will be home soon, now," she thought. But the minutes glided into hours, and still he did not come. The tea-table stood in the floor until nearly nine o'clock, before Mrs. Martin sat down with little Emma. But no food passed the mother's lips. She could not eat. There was a strange fear about her heart—a dread of coming evil, that chilled her feelings, and threw a dark cloud over her spirits.

In the meantime, Martin had gone to the dinner party, firm in his resolution not to touch a drop of ardent spirits. But the taste of wine had inflamed his appetite, and he drank more and more freely, until he ceased to feel the power of his resolution, and again put brandy to his lips, and drank with the eagerness of a worn and thirsty traveller at a cooling brook. It was nine o'clock when the company arose, or attempted to arise from the table, all of them could not accomplish that feat. Three, Martin among the rest, were carried to bed, in a state of helpless intoxication.

Hour after hour passed away, the anxiety of Mrs. Martin increasing every moment, until the clock struck twelve.

"Why does he stay so late?" she said, rising and pacing the room backwards and forwards. This she continued to do, pausing every now and then to listen, for nearly an hour. Then she went to the door and looked long and anxiously in the direction from which she expected her husband to come. But his well known form met not her eager eyes, that peered so intently into the darkness and gloom of the night. With another long drawn sigh, she closed the door, and re-entered the silent and lonely room. That silence was broken by the loud ringing of the clock. The hour was one! Mrs. Martin's feelings now became too much excited for her to control them. She sank into her chair, and wept in silent anguish of spirit. For nearly a quarter of an hour her tears continued to flow, and then a deep calm succeeded a kind of mental stupor, that remained until the sound of the clock striking two.

All hope had now faded from her bosom. Up to this time she had entertained a feeble hope that her husband might be kept away from some other cause than the one she so dreaded; but now that prop became only as a broken reed, to pierce her with a keener anguish.

"It is all over!" she murmured bitterly as she arose and commenced walking to and fro with slow and measured steps.

It was fully three o'clock before that lone, and almost heart-broken wife and mother retired to her chamber. How cruelly had the hope which had grown bright and buoyant in the last few months, gaining more strength and confidence every day, been again crushed to the earth!

For an hour longer did Mrs. Martin sit, listening in her chamber, everything around her so hushed into oppressive silence, that the troubled beating of her own heart, was distinctly audible. But she waited and listened in vain. The sound of passing footsteps that now came only at long intervals, served but to arouse a momentary gleam in her mind, to fade away again, and leave it in deeper darkness.

Without disrobing, she now laid herself down, and listening with an anxiety that grew more and more intense every moment. At last overwearied nature could bear up no longer, and she sunk into a troubled sleep. When she awoke from this, it was daylight. Oh, how weary and worn and wretched she felt! The consciousness of why she thus lay, with her clothes unremoved, the sad remembrance of her hours of waiting and watching through nearly the whole night, all came up before her with painful distinctness. Who but she who has suffered, can imagine her feelings at that bitter moment.

On descending to the parlor, she found her husband lying in a half-stupor condition on the sofa, the close air of the room impregnated with his breath—the sickening disgusting breath of a drunken man! Bruised, crushed, paralyzed affection had now to lift itself up—the wife just ready to sink to the earth, powerless, under the weight of an overburdening affliction, had now to nerve herself under the impulse of duty.

"James! James!" she said, in a voice of assumed calmness—laying her hand upon him and endeavoring to arouse him to consciousness. But it was a long time before she could get him so fully awake as to make him understand that it was necessary for him to go up stairs and retire to bed. At length she succeeded in getting him into his chamber before the servants had come down; and then into bed. Once there, he fell off again into a profound sleep.

"Is pa sick?" asked little Emma, coming into her mother's chamber about an hour after, and seeing her father in bed.

"Yes, dear, your father is quite unwell," Mrs. Martin said in a calm voice.

"What ails him, ma?" pursued the child.

"He is not very well, dear, but will be better soon," the mother said, evasively.

The little girl looked into her mother's face for a few moments unsatisfied with the answer, and unwilling to ask another question. She felt that something was wrong, more than the simple illness of her father.

It was near the middle of the day when Mr. Martin became fully awake and conscious of his condition. If he had sought forgetfulness of the past night's debauch and degradation, the sad, reproving face of his wife, pale and languid from anxiety and watching, would too quickly have restored the memory of his fall.

The very bitterness of his self-condemnation—the very keenness of wounded pride irritated his feelings, and made him feel gloomy and sullen. He felt deeply for his suffering wife—he wished most ardently to speak to her a word of comfort, but his pride kept him silent. At the dinner hour, he eat a few mouthfuls in silence, and then withdrew from the table and left the house to attend to his ordinary business. On his way to his office, he passed a hotel where he had been in the habit of drinking. He felt so wretched—so much in the want of something to buoy up his depressed feelings, that he entered, and calling for some wine, drank two or three glasses. This, in a few minutes, had the desired effect, and he repaired to his office feeling like a new man.

During the afternoon, he drank wine frequently, and when he returned home in the evening was a good deal under its influence; so much so, that all the reserve he had felt in the morning was gone. He spoke pleasantly and freely with his wife—talked of future schemes of pleasure and success. But, alas! his pleasant words fell upon her heart like sunshine upon ice. It was too painfully evident that he had again been drinking—and drinking to the extent of making him altogether unconscious of his true position—she would rather a thousand times have seen him overwhelmed by remorse. Then there would have been something for her hope to have leaned upon.

Day after day did Mr. Martin continue to resort to the wine cup. Every morning he felt so wretched that existence seemed a burden to him, until his keen perceptions were blunted by wine. Then the appetite for something stronger would be stimulated, and draught after draught of brandy would follow, until when night came, he would return home to agonize the heart of his wife with a new pang, keener than any that had gone before.

Such a course of conduct could not be pursued without its becoming apparent to all in the house. Mrs. Martin had, therefore, added to the cup of sorrow, the mortification and pain of having the servants, and her own child daily conscious of his degradation.

Poor little Emma would shrink away instinctively from her father when he would return home in the evening and endeavor to lavish upon her his caresses. Sometimes Mr. Martin would get irritated at this.

"What are you siddling off in that way for, Emma?" he said half angrily, one evening, when he was more than usually under the influence of liquor, as Emma shrunk away from him on his coming in.

The little girl paused and looked frightened—glancing first at her mother, and then again, timidly, at her father.

"Come along here, I say," repeated the father, seating himself, and holding out his hands.

"Go, dear," Mrs. Martin said.

"I reckon she can come without you telling her to, madam!" her husband responded angrily. "Come along, I tell you!" he added in a loud, excited tone, his face growing red with passion.

"There now! Why didn't you come when I first spoke to you, ha?" he said, drawing the child towards him with a quick jerk, so soon as she came within reach of his extended hand. "Say, why didn't you come? Tell me! Aint I your father?"

"Yes sir," was the timid reply.

"And haven't I taught you that you must obey me?"

"Yes sir."

"Then why didn't you come, just now, when I called you?"

To this interrogation the little girl made no reply, but looked exceedingly frightened.

"Did you hear what I said?" pursued the father, in a louder voice.

"Yes sir."

"Then answer me, this instant! Why didn't you come when I called you?"

"Because I—I—I was afraid," was the timid hesitating reply.

Something seemed to whisper to the father's mind a consciousness, that his appearance and conduct while under the influence of liquor, might be such as not only to frighten, but estrange his child's affection from him; and he seemed touched by the thought, for his manner changed, though he was still to a degree irrational.

"Go away then, Emma! Take her away mother," he said in a tone which indicated that his feelings were touched. "She don't love her father any more, and don't care anything more about him," pushing at the same time the child away from him.

Poor little Emma burst into tears, and shrinking to the side of her mother, buried her face in the folds of her dress, sobbing as if her heart were breaking.

Mrs. Martin took her little girl by the hand and led her from the room, up to the chamber, and kissing her, told her to remain there until the servant brought her some supper, when she could go to bed.

"I don't want any supper, ma!" she said, still sobbing passionately.

"Don't cry, dear," Mrs. Martin said, soothingly.

"Indeed ma, I do love father," the child said—looking up earnestly into her mother's face, the tears still streaming over her cheeks.

"Won't you tell him so?"

"Yes, Emma, I will tell him," the mother replied.

"And won't you ask him to come up and kiss me after I'm in bed?"

"Yes, dear."

"And will he come?"

"Oh yes; he will come and kiss you."

Mrs. Martin remained with her little girl until her feelings were quieted down, and then she descended with reluctant steps to the parlor. There was that in the scene which had just passed, that sobered, to a great extent, the half-intoxicated husband and father, and caused him to feel humbled and pained at his conduct; which it was too apparent was breaking the heart of his wife, and estranging the affection of his child.

When Mrs. Martin re-entered the parlor, she found him sitting near a table, with his head resting upon his hand, and his whole manner indicating a state of painful self-consciousness. With the instinctive perception of a woman, she saw the truth; and going at once up to him, she laid her hand upon him, and said:

"James—Emma wants you to go up and kiss her after she gets into bed. She says that she loves you, and wished me to tell you so."

Mr. Martin did not reply. There was something calm and gentle and affectionate in the manner and tones of his wife,—something that melted him completely down.

A choking sob followed; when he arose hastily, and retired to his chamber. Mr. Martin did not follow thither. She saw that his own affections were doing more for him than any thing that she could do or say; and therefore she deemed it the part of wisdom to let his own reflections be his companion, and do their own work.

When Mr. Martin entered his chamber, he seated himself near the bed, and leaned his head down upon it. He was becoming more and more sobered every moment—more and more distinctly conscious of the true nature of the ground he occupied. Still his mind was a good deal confused, for the physical action of the stimulus he had taken through the day, had not yet subsided; although there was a strong mental counteracting cause in operation, which was gradually subduing the effect of his potations. As he sat thus, leaning his head upon his hand, and half reclining upon the bed, a deep sigh, or half-suppressed sob, caught his ear. It came from the adjoining chamber. He remembered his child in an instant. His only child—whom he most fondly loved. He remembered, too, her conduct but a short time before, and saw, with painful distinctness, that he was estranging from himself, and bringing sorrow upon one whose gentle nature had affected even his heart with feelings of peculiar tenderness.

"My dear child!" he murmured, as he arose to his feet and went quietly into her room. She had already retired to bed, and lay with her head almost buried beneath the clothes, as if shrinking away with a sensation akin to fear. But she heard him enter, and instantly rose up saying, as she saw him approach her bed—

"O, pa indeed I do love you!"

"And I love you, my child," Mr. Martin responded, bending over her and kissing her forehead, cheeks, and lips, with an earnest fondness.

"And don't you love me, too?" inquired Emma.

"Certainly I do, my dear! Why do you ask me?"

"Because I see her crying so often—almost every day. And she seems so troubled just before you come home, every evening. She didn't use to be so. A good while ago, she used to be always talking about when pa would be home; and used to dress me up every afternoon to see you. But now she never says anything about your coming home at night. Don't you know how we used to walk out and meet you sometimes? We never do it now."

This innocent appeal was like an arrow piercing him with the most acute pain. He could not find words in which to frame a reply. Simply kissing her again and bidding her a tender good night, he turned away and left her chamber, feeling more wretched than he had ever felt in his life.

It was about twelve years since the wife of Mr. Martin had united her hopes and affections with his. At that time he was esteemed by all—a strictly temperate man, although he would drink with a friend or at a convivial party, whenever circumstances led him to do so. From this kind of indulgence the appetite for liquor was formed. Two years after his marriage Martin had become so fond of drinking that he took from two to three glasses every day, regularly. Brandy at dinner-time was indispensable. The meal would have seemed to him wanting in a principal article without it. It was not until about five years after their marriage that Mrs. Martin was aroused to a distinct consciousness of danger. Her husband came home so much intoxicated as to be scarcely able to get up into his chamber. Then she remembered, but too visibly, the slow but sure progress he had been making towards intemperance, during the past two or three years, and her heart sank trembling in her bosom with a new and awful fear. It seemed as if she had suddenly awakened from a delusive dream of happiness and security, to find herself standing at the brink of a fearful precipice.

"What can I do? What shall I do?" were questions repeated over and over again, but, alas! she could find no answer upon which her troubled heart could repose with confidence. How could she approach her husband upon such a subject? She felt that she could not allude to it.

Month after month, and year after year, she watched with an anguish of spirit that paled her cheeks, and stole away the brightness from her eye, the slow but sure progress of the destroyer. Alas! how did hope—fail—fail, until it lived in her bosom but a faint, feeble, flickering ray. At last she ventured to remonstrate, and met with anger and repulse. When this subsided, and her husband began to reflect more deeply upon his course, he was humbled in spirit, and sought to heal the wound his conduct and his words had made. Then came promises of amendment.

Mrs. Martin fondly hoped all would be well again. The light again came back to her heart. But it did not long remain. Martin still permitted himself to indulge in wine, and that soon excited so strongly the desire for stronger stimulants, that he again indulged and again fell.

Ten times had he thus fallen, each time repenting, and each time restoring a degree of confidence to the heart of his wife, by promises of future abstinence. Gradually, did hope continue to grow weaker and weaker, at each relapse until it had nearly failed.

"There is no hope," she said to herself, mournfully, as she sat in deep thought, on the evening in which occurred the scene we have just described. "He has tried so often, and fallen again at every effort. There is no hope—no hope!"

It was an hour after Mr. Martin had retired to his chamber, that his wife went up softly, and first went into Emma's room. The child was asleep, and there was on her innocent face a quiet smile, as if pleasant images were resting upon her mind. A soft kiss was imprinted on her fair forehead, and then Mrs. Martin went into her own chamber. She found that her husband had retired to bed and was asleep.

But few hours of refreshing slumber visited the eyelids of the almost despairing wife. Towards morning, however she sank away into a deep sleep. When she awoke from this, it was an hour after daylight. Her husband was up and dressed, and sat beside the bed, looking into her face with an expression of subdued, but calm but tender affection.

"Emma," he said, taking her hand, as soon as she was fairly awake. "Can you again have confidence in me, or is hope failed altogether?"

Mrs. Martin did not reply, but looked at her husband steadily and enquiringly.

"I understand you," he said, "you have almost, if not altogether ceased to hope. I do not wonder at it. If I had not so often mocked your generous confidence, I would again assure you that all will be well. I see that what I say does not make the warm blood bound to your face, as once it did. I will not use idle words to convince you. But one thing I will say. I have been, for sometimes past, conscious, that it was dangerous for me to touch wine, or ale, or anything that stimulates, as they do. They only revive an appetite for stronger drinks, while they take away a measure of self-control. I have, therefore, most solemnly promised myself, that I will never again touch or taste any spirituous liquor, wine, malt, or cider. Nor will I again attend any convivial parties where these things are used. Hereafter, I shall act upon the total abstinence principle—for only in total abstinence, is there safety for one like me."

There was something so solemn and earnest in the manner of her husband, that Mrs. Martin's swooping spirits began to revive. Again did her eye brighten and her cheek kindle. Then came a gush of tears attending the power of a new impulse. The failing hope was renewed!

And day after day, week after week, and month after month, did that hope strengthen and gain confidence. Years have passed, since that total abstinence resolution was taken, and not once during the time has Martin been tempted to violate it. Yet, is he vividly conscious, that only in total abstinence from everything that can intoxicate is there safety for him.—United States Saturday Post.

Fresh Stock of New SUMMER GOODS.

JUST received and for sale at the price of 20 cents per yard, a good assortment of the various kinds of goods wanted in the country, bought at the lowest market price in Boston, this month (July), to correspond with which we have reduced the prices of our former stock, making altogether, we think, an assortment none of the smallest, either in quantity or variety.—Consisting in part of—

3060 yds yard wide Sheetings from 5 to 8-12 cents per yard.

3500 yds new style prints from 5 to 23 cents per yard.

100 yds bonnet Lawns from 17 to 20 cents per yard.

100 pair Mohair Gloves and Mitts from 22 to 50 cents per pair.

Sixty, Muslin de Lain and Printed Lawns for summer Dresses. Gents and Lady's Scarfs. Muslin de Lain Shawls from 15 to 18 shillings. Muslin Worsted or Crêpe—all colors, White and mixed knitted Cotton, also a good assortment of Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, Silks, Braids, Cords, Binding, and the Trimmings used by Tailors.

BROAD CLOTHS,

Casimeres, Satinets, Girafo and Velveteens, Beaver and Pilot Cloths.

Boys Caps.

Young Men's Velvet Caps for one dollar.

Glass & Crockery Ware.

Common and China Tea Sets from \$1.75 to \$12.00.

Hard Ware.

Glass 7 by 9, 8 by 10, 9 by 12, 9 by 13 and 10 by 14. Nails from 3d to 60d.—Butts, Screws and door handles. Blind Hangings, Looking Glasses, Paper Hangings, &c. &c.

Groceries.

Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, Raisins, Ground Cassia, Allspice, Pepper, Salsaparilla, Brooms, &c. &c.

ALSO,

Violin, single and Double Bass strings from E. Violin to A. Double Bass.

SHOE-MAKER'S KIT.

Consisting in part of Seam Saws, Heel Keys, Fore-part Irons, Peg Wheels, Colls, Shoulder Saws, Seam Awls, and Buffing Knives, from the Woodward and Wilson Manufacturing Co.

All the above goods were bought low and will be sold at good bargains, by

Lumber! Lumber!!
BOARDS, SHINGLES & TIMBER for sale by the subscriber, EZRA WHITMAN, Jr., Winthrop, Sept. 8th, 1842.

Silk Cocoons, Silk Eggs and Silk Trees.

SILK COCOONS. The subscriber has received, per day for ready cash, or on account, 100,000 silkworm cocoons, of the best quality, and will also sell the same, with his own, in all cases, for the grower to reel his own silk.

SILK WORM EGGS. For sale, cocoons, at \$2.50 per ounce, and Nankin Eggs, at \$4.00 per ounce, all of the best quality, and will be transmitted by mail. The Nankin Eggs are very superior Worms.

SILK WORM EGGS FOR 1843. The subscriber will contract to save eggs for another season, and will select Cocoons, and preserve them in his own, with the utmost care. Common Eggs, at \$2.50 per ounce, and Nankin Eggs, at \$4.00 per ounce.

MULBERRY CUTTINGS. to be delivered in October, at \$4 per thousand, or in April at \$5 per thousand.

MULBERRY TREES. 100,000 Mulberry trees, delivered in good condition in Oct. at \$20 per thousand, or in April at \$50 per thousand. I can also furnish, through my friend, Dr. A. B. Brownell, of East Hartford, Conn., Alpine, Morlet, and other trees, if these varieties are preferred, of one year or three years growth, at \$50, \$80, and \$120 per thousand.

Oxford, June 18, 18